

Individuation in the Novels
of Elizabeth Roberts

by

Laura Ellen McQuide

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Thesis

INDIVIDUATION IN THE NOVELS

OF ELIZABETH ROBERTS

by

Laura Ellen McQuide

(B.S. in Ed., Boston University, 1941)

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

August, 1947

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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

INVESTIGATION IN THE NOVELS

OF ELIZABETH ROBERTS

BY

LAWRENCE HILTON MCGILL

(B.S. in M.A., Boston University, 1901)

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

August, 1901

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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
688 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

Mountain Home, N. C.

July 22, 1947.

Dear Miss McZuide,

I have your letter of July 19th telling me that you hope to be able to finish in time for the August, 1947, graduation your master's thesis, "Individuation in the Novels of Elizabeth Roberts," of which I am the second reader. The outlines of the various chapters sound satisfactory to me, but you should keep in close touch with Professor Post, the first reader.

As second reader I would be willing to sign your thesis in the fall if Professor Post approves it and endorses it when it is completed, so that you may receive your degree in August, provided, of course, that the Graduate School approves this procedure. I am glad to do this as you have been an excellent student in the courses you have taken with me and as I am confident that under the direction of Professor Post your thesis will be a thorough and worthwhile study.

You may show this letter to Professor Post and to Miss Ring.

Sincerely yours,
Living H. White

Miss Laura E. McZuide

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Outline: Individuation in the Novels of Elizabeth Roberts

Introduction — Purpose, Plan, and Method

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1. Perception Not Recognition

2. Relationship between Cause and Effect

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The purpose of this thesis is to show that the artistic focus of Elizabeth Roberts in her seven novels is individuation. In order to evaluate her novels from this standpoint, it is necessary to clarify the author's philosophic and artistic perspectives which are completely harmonic. To achieve this purpose, I shall develop in Chapter I, "Toward a Philosophy of Experience," the fundamental principles in Elizabeth Roberts' theory of philosophic naturalism as revealed in her novels. I shall substantiate the validity of these principles by corroborative statements from Art As Experience by the prominent American philosopher, John Dewey, whose theory exactly parallels that of Elizabeth Roberts. In the second chapter, I shall set forth the essential characteristics of the psychology of individuation with quotations from Dewey to elucidate this process, and in Chapter III, I shall show how Jinkling in the Wind, an allegorical fantasy by Elizabeth Roberts, discloses the author's interpretation of individuation as her artistic focus.

After establishing the philosophic and artistic perspectives of Elizabeth Roberts in the first three chapters, I shall use these as a frame of reference for the critical evaluation of her six epic novels. Chapter IV will be devoted to a

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thorough investigation of the philosophic and artistic perspectives of the author in The Time of Man, an epic folk-novel which illustrates more fully than any of her other novels the complete life-cycle of man as a ground-plan for his experience and the subsequent individuation of this experience. The fifth chapter of the thesis will serve to illustrate the artistic continuity in the five remaining novels of Elizabeth Roberts.

It is critically important to become cognizant of her philosophic perspective. Since this perspective is in complete accord with that of John Dewey, a study of his esthetic theory in Art As Experience will reveal the salient features of Elizabeth Roberts' philosophy of experience. Before one can comprehend the statement that art is experience or, conversely, that experience is art, he must investigate the meaning and nature of the term experience. Then he will see the "continuity between the refined and intensified forms of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings, and sufferings that are universally recognized to constitute experience." *

Dewey defines experience as "the result, the sign, and the reward of that interaction of organism and environment which, when it is carried to the full, is a transformation of interaction into participation and communication." Later he states "The nature of experience is determined by the essential

*1--Art As Experience by John Dewey, New York, 1916, pp. 13-14.

I. Toward a Philosophy of Experience

The complete understanding of any art form presupposes a knowledge of the philosophy of the artist. Therefore, to gain a valid insight into the novels of Elizabeth Roberts it is critically important to become cognizant of her philosophic perspective. Since this perspective is in complete accord with that of John Dewey, a study of his esthetic theory in Art As Experience will reveal the salient features of Elizabeth Roberts' philosophy of experience. Before one can comprehend the statement that art is experience or, conversely, that experience is art, he must investigate the meaning and nature of the term experience. Then he will see the "continuity between the refined and intensified forms of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings, and sufferings that are universally recognized to constitute experience." *

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conditions of life. While man is other than bird and beast, he shares basic vital functions with them and has to make the same basal adjustments if he is to continue the process of living.

... The first great consideration is that life goes on in an environment; not merely in it but because of it, through interaction with it. No creature lives merely under its skin; its subcutaneous organs are means of connection with what lies beyond its bodily frame, and to which, in order to live, it must adjust itself, by accommodation and defense but also by conquest. At every moment, the living creature is exposed to dangers from its surroundings, and at every moment, it must draw upon something in its surroundings to satisfy its needs. The career and destiny of a living being are bound up with its interchanges with its environment, not externally but in the most intimate way."

Having described experience as the interaction of man and his environment in which he must make certain adjustments in relation to his elemental functions as an organism, Dewey defends this conception of art. "Usually there is a hostile reaction to a conception of art that connects it with the activities of a live creature in its environment. The hostility to association of fine art with normal processes of living is a pathetic, even a tragic, commentary on life as it is ordinarily lived. Only because that life is usually so stunted, aborted, slack, or heavy laden, is the idea entertained that there is some inherent antagonism between the proc-

(I, 13)

ess of normal living and creation and enjoyment of works of esthetic art."

This does not mean, however, that the chief focus of art is on the animal instincts inherent in man, nor does it belittle man in any way. It merely accepts the realistic fact that man could not be conceived, could not maintain his existence, and could not continue the human race were it not for such basic functions as mating and reproduction. "Full recognition, therefore, of the continuity of the organs, needs, and basic impulses of the human creature with his animal forbears, implies no necessary reduction of man to the level of the brutes. On the contrary, it makes possible the drawing of a ground-plan of human experience upon which is erected the superstructure of man's marvelous and distinguishing experience."

Man has an intellect which distinguishes him from the lower animals and permits him to have a more complex and varied design of living. "Through consciousness, he converts the relations of means and consequence." By conscious intent, man perceives the meaning of events in his interplay with nature. He not only recognizes, i.e. identifies, a present person or thing, but, by perception, he realizes the significant relationship of that person or thing with an experience in the past. In this manner, he constructs a widened and enriched present from his past. "Art is the living and concrete proof that man is (I, 27, 22, 25)

capable of restoring consciously, and thus on the plane of meaning, the union of sense, need, impulse and action characteristic of the live creature."

Since esthetic experience is a matter of perception, it includes whatever is contributed by the self in the active process of perceiving. To perceive, then, one must create his own experience. "An experience has pattern and structure, because it is not just doing and undergoing in alternation, but consists of them in relationship. To put one's hand in the fire that consumes it is not necessarily to have an experience. The action and its consequence must be joined in perception. This relationship is what gives meaning; to grasp it is the objective of all intelligence."

Experience is a continuous process since the interplay of man and nature is ever-active. Sometimes experiences had are inchoate owing to internal or external influences. According to Dewey, one has an experience only "when the material experienced runs its course to fulfillment. Then and only then is it integrated within and demarcated in the general stream of experience from other experiences. ... Such an experience is a whole and carries with it its own individualizing quality and self-sufficiency. It is an experience."

Although it may be necessary to have recourse to animal life below the level of man to grasp the sources of esthetic experience, this in no way lowers the significance and dignity (I, 25, 44, 35)

of art. "Experience in the degree in which it is experience is heightened vitality. Instead of signifying being shut up within one's own private feelings and sensations, it signifies active and alert commerce with the world; at its height it signifies complete interpenetration of self and the world of objects and events. Instead of signifying surrender to caprice and disorder, it affords our sole demonstration of a stability that is not stagnation but is rhythmic and developing. Because experience is the fulfillment of an organism in its struggles and achievements in a world of things, it is art in germ. Even in its rudimentary forms, it contains the promise of that delightful perception which is esthetic experience."

Experience is characterized by rhythm. Not only does rhythm give an artistic form to the life-pattern of man and to the beasts, crops, seasons, and to everything in nature that comprises his environment, but it also appears as a controlling influence in the interaction of man and his environment. With the larger rhythms of nature, such as the course of the seasons, the ebb and flow of the tides, the regular change of the moon, are "bound up those of the ever-recurring cycles of growth from seed to a maturity that reproduced the seed; the reproduction of animals, the relation of male and female, the never-ceasing round of birth and deaths." ... Direct experience comes from nature and man interacting with each other. In this interaction, human energy gathers, is released, dammed up, frustrated and (I, 19, 147)

victorious. There are rhythmic beats of want and fulfillment, pulses of doing and being withheld from doing. ... Contrast of lack and fullness, of struggle and achievement, of adjustment after consummated irregularity, form the drama in which action, feeling, and meaning are one. The outcome is balance and counterbalance. These are not static nor mechanical. They express power that is intense because measured through overcoming resistance. Environing objects avail and counteravail."

Because rhythm underlies all being, it permeates all the products of art, including, of course, the novel. "Since man succeeds only as he adapts his behavior to the order of nature, his achievements and victories, as they ensue upon resistance and struggle, become the matrix of all esthetic subject-matter; in some sense they constitute the common pattern of art, the ultimate conditions of form. Their cumulative orders of succession become without express intent the means by which man commemorates and celebrates the most intense and full moments of his experience. Underneath the rhythm of every art and of every work of art there lies, as a substratum in the depths of the subconsciousness, the basic pattern of the relations of the live creature to his environment."

Rhythms in nature are the conditions of form in experience and, therefore, of expression, but they are esthetic only as they become a rhythm in experience itself.

"Form is not found exclusively in objects labeled
(I, 16, 150)

works of art. ... Form is a character of every experience that is an experience. ... Form may then be defined as the operation of forces that carry the experience of an event, object, scene, and situation to its own integral fulfillment." The form of a whole art product is apparent in each of its integral parts. Fulfilling, consummating, are continuous functions, not mere ends, located at one place only. An engraver, painter, or writer is in process of completing at every stage of his work. He must at each point retain and sum up what has gone before as a whole and with reference to a whole to come. Otherwise there is no consistency and no security in his successive acts. The series of doings in the rhythm of experience give variety and movement; they save the work from monotony and useless repetitions. The undergoings are the corresponding elements in the rhythm, and they supply unity; they save the work from the aimlessness of a mere succession of excitations. An object is peculiarly and dominantly esthetic, yielding the enjoyment characteristic of esthetic perception, when the factors that determine anything which can be called an experience are lifted high above the threshold of perception and are made manifest for their own sake."

In every experience there is "an element of undergoing, of suffering in its large sense. If this were not so, there would be no taking in of what preceded. For 'taking in' in any vital experience is something more than placing something (I, 56)

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on the top of consciousness over what was previously known. It involves reconstruction which may be painful." The process of reconstructing one's present experience by assimilating value and meaning derived from past experiences, thereby making a satisfactory adjustment with one's environment, is termed individuation. It is by individuation that one may create his own experience, find harmony in the midst of turmoil, and return a measure of his achieved excellence to the race of man. Because individuation is the core of experience and because an understanding of this process is a prerequisite to the interpretation of the novels of Elizabeth Roberts, a whole chapter will be devoted to the development of the meaning of this term.

According to Dewey there are five criteria of valid art experience:

(1) Natural material should be employed as the medium of expression. This material "may be natural in the sense of habitual as well as in that of primitive or native." ... "But naturalism in art means means something more than the necessity all arts are under of employing natural and sensuous media. It means that all which can be expressed is some aspect of the relation of man and his environment, and that this subject-matter attains its most perfect wedding with form when the basic rhythms that characterize the interaction of the two are depended upon and trusted with abandon."

(I, 41, 151)

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(1, 41, 151)

(2) The raw material must be transformed into an art product by environing objects as well as internal emotions.

"The real work of art is the building up of an integral experience out of the interaction of organic and environmental conditions and energies."

(3) The artist expresses his work of art because of pressure from objective things upon his natural impulses.

(4) The work of art must have taken time and must not have been the result of instantaneous impulsion. "It means that the expression of the self in and through a medium, constituting the work of art, is itself a prolonged interaction of something issuing from the self with objective conditions, a process in which both of them acquire a form and order they did not at first possess."

(5) The artist must be inspired by a great excitement about his subject-matter. Then he must give expression to his inspiration by converting his emotionalized images into a finished product of art.

Because life is a continuous process, man as an organism must constantly adjust himself to new situations. If he does not accept the responsibility of reflective thinking, or if some mental deficiency prevents him from clear perception, his life is a meaningless round of events. It is a hazy existence filled with automatic responses and mechanical acts.

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II. Psychology of Individuation

Elizabeth Roberts' artistic focus is on the cumulative process of evaluating experience which is termed individuation. The clarification of this term, therefore, is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the philosophic and artistic perspectives of the author. It is individuation which pervades each of Elizabeth Roberts' novels as a determinant factor of form, unity, and coherence. Moreover, it is the emphasis on individuation which gives all her novels a uniformity of character whether she is writing about the experience of the pioneers in the days of Daniel Boone or of the sharecroppers in the twentieth century. With an understanding of experience as the interaction of man and his environment, it is now necessary to consider the process of this interaction by which man creates new meaning for what happens to him and for what he does in his life-cycle.

Because life is a continuous process, man as an organism must constantly adjust himself to new situations. If he does not accept the responsibility of reflective thinking, or if some mental deficiency prevents him from clear perception, his life is a meaningless round of events. It is a humdrum existence filled with automatic responses and mechanical acts.

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must constantly adjust himself to new situations. If he does not accept the responsibility of reflective thinking, or if some mental deficiency prevents him from clear perception, his life is a meaningless round of events. It is a humdrum existence filled with automatic responses and mechanical acts.

Existence for the non-thinker becomes monotonous because it is mere ebb and flow without growth or progress of any kind. He may regret some deed or event in the past, he may instinctively dread the future, but he does nothing about it, for he is incapable of perceiving the relationship between his past, present, and future. He is indifferent to his environment or unhappy about it, since he does not assimilate any value from the past with which to enrich the present. In contrast to him there is the thinker or the "live creature" as Dewey calls him. Elizabeth Roberts refers to him as the creative mind or artist who is continuously individuating experience, weaving new patterns by integrating values from the past. Instead of condemning himself for past failures, he sees what caused them and how he can avoid repeating them. Instead of becoming intoxicated by some past success, he studies it to extract whatever factor of it may be useful to him in the present. Thus, the thinking individual makes a satisfactory adjustment to the world about him, thereby finding happiness. "Only when the past ceases to trouble and anticipations of the future are not perturbing is a being wholly united with his environment and therefore fully alive. Art celebrates with peculiar intensity the moments in which the past re-enforces the present and in which the future is a quickening of what now is."

(I, 18)

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mere ebb and flow without growth or progress of any kind. He
may regret some deed or event in the past, he may instinctively
dread the future, but he does nothing about it, for he is in-
capable of perceiving the relationship between his past, pres-
ent, and future. He is indifferent to his environment or un-
happy about it, since he does not assimilate any value from the
past with which to enrich the present. In contrast to him
there is the thinker or the "live creature" as Dewey calls him.
Elizabeth Roberts refers to him as the creative mind or artist
who is continuously individualizing experience, weaving new pat-
terns by integrating values from the past. Instead of con-
demning himself for past failures, he sees what caused them and
how he can avoid repeating them. Instead of becoming intox-
icated by some past success, he studies it to extract whatever
factor of it may be useful to him in the present. Thus, the
thinking individual makes a satisfactory adjustment to the
world about him, thereby finding happiness. "Only when the
past ceases to trouble and anticipations of the future are not
perturbing is a being wholly united with his environment and
therefore fully alive. Art celebrates with peculiar intensity
the moments in which the past re-enforces the present and in
which the future is a quickening of what now is."

What is reflective thinking?* What is this activity of the mind that distinguishes the adjusted man from the mal-adjusted one? It is the mental consideration of some problem resulting most frequently from a conflict with one's environment. It involves the mental review of a multitude of ideas, assorting them in some sense of order, rejecting the unwanted ideas, selecting those which fit into a definite thought-pattern, comparing and contrasting any two ideas to see whether they deserve separate positions or whether they can be fused into one better idea, re-arranging the ideas in varied patterns to test new viewpoints, contemplating the best pattern or solution to the problem, and finally coming to some valid conclusion after much thinking on the matter. In her novel Jingling in the Wind Elizabeth Roberts refers to the process of reflective thought as ruminating, a mot juste when its derivation is studied. A close analogy may be made between the biological ruminations of a cow, for instance, and the mental ruminations of man. Man receives into his consciousness many unchewed suggestions which are mentally regurgitated, bringing to the surface those undigested ones. By perceiving a relationship between the ideas selected for his thought-pattern, he reduces them all to a common bolus by mastication. He is then able to swallow, accept, the final solution. In this way reflective

action is the conscious sign of a break, actual or impending.

*The term "reflective thinking" is used here not in the sense of an approach to philosophy but as a process of realization of value.

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What is reflective thinking? *What is this activity

thinking is the mechanism of individuation.

A predominant characteristic of individuation is rhythm. This fact may be substantiated in two respects. First, the mental process is rhythmic in its very nature because it includes three steps--reception, perception, and conception--always in this order and spaced at rhythmic intervals. Reception is the first step in individuation as it is the way that varied suggestions are recognized and taken into the consciousness for consideration. Unless one is receptive to the stimulus of ideas, he can never make any response to them and is like a dead cell in a battery. The creative person or artist is sensitive to every impulse. Having once received thoughts connected with an event, he begins to perceive the relationship of these thoughts with those of a past event with similar characteristics. After an adequate amount of perception, he arrives at the concluding step--conception, the crystallization of new meaning and value. Conception thus completes the rhythmic cycle of reflective thinking, the mechanism of individuation.

Secondly, since rhythm is an attribute of experience, it must be, by correlation, an attribute of individuation. "The rhythm of loss of integration with environment and recovery of union not only persist in man but becomes conscious with him; its conditions are material out of which he forms purposes. Emotion is the conscious sign of a break, actual or impending. The discord is the occasion that induces reflection. Desire

(1, 12, 14, 17)

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for restoration of the union converts mere emotion into interest in objects as conditions of realization of harmony. With the realization, material of reflection is incorporated into objects as their meaning. Since the artist cares in a peculiar way for the phase of experience in which union is achieved, he does not shun moments of resistance and tension. He rather cultivates them, not for their own sake but because of their potentialities, bringing to living consciousness an experience that is unified and total."

Because life is continuous and progressive, "there is an overcoming of factors of oppositions and conflict; there is a transformation of them into differentiated aspects of a higher powered and more significant life. The marvel of organic, of vital, adaption through expansion (instead of by contraction and passive accommodation) actually takes place. Here in germ are balance and harmony attained through rhythm. Equilibrium comes about not mechanically and inertly but out of, and because of, tension" ... "In a world made after the pattern of ours, moments of fulfillment punctuate experience with rhythmically enjoyed intervals."

What is the value of individuation to man? Individuation is a process of realization in which the practical, emotional, and the intellectual are integrated. "It is not possible to divide in a vital experience the practical, emotional, and intellectual from one another and to set the properties of (I, 15, 14, 17)

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What is the value of individuation to man? Individuation is a process of realization in which the practical, emotional, and the intellectual are integrated. "It is not possible to divide in a vital experience the practical, emotional, and intellectual from one another and to set the properties of

one over against the characteristics of the others. The emotional phase binds parts together into a single whole; 'intellectual' simply names the fact that the experience has meaning; 'practical' indicates that the organism is interacting with events and objects which surround it." This process enables man to construct his own experience by creating new meaning or value. "There is no limit to the capacity of immediate sensuous experience to absorb into itself meanings and values that in and of themselves--that is in the abstract--would be designated 'ideal' and 'spiritual'." Man, that is, the thinking man, then realizes that the meaning of life is from within. By individuation he is able to form his own life-pattern, no longer oppressed or hindered by the traditional belief in fate or destiny.

The individuating person grows emotionally and intellectually. He does not run from a problem nor rationalize his way out of it. Instead, with a wholesome attitude, he accepts the problem as a challenge to his ability to individuate.

"Life itself consists of phases in which the organ falls out of step with the march of surrounding things and then recovers unison with it--either through effort or by some happy chance. And, in a growing life, the recovery is never mere return to a prior state, for it is enriched by the state of disparity and resistance through which it has successfully passed. If the gap between organism and environment is too wide, the

(I, 55)

creature dies. If its activity is not enhanced by the temporary alienation, it merely subsists. Life grows when a temporary falling out is a transition to a more extensive balance of the energies of the organism with those of the conditions under which it lives." Experience is made up of a series of different events with each one flowing into the next, carrying with it meaning by individuation which is fused with the following occurrence, and so on through each successive happening. Thus a "live creature" never remains static nor takes a retrograde step but, enriched by each incident, he progresses in his process of individuation. The test of the validity of individuation is its quality of intensifying subsequent conditions, circumstances, or events.

In the fulfillment of an experience harmony is produced by individuation. "Inner harmony is attained only when, by some means, terms are made with the environment. ... Fortunately for variety in experience, terms are made in many ways --ways ultimately decided by selective interest. Pleasures may come about through chance contract and stimulation; such pleasures are not to be despised in a world of pain. But happiness and delight are a different sort of thing. They come to be through a fulfillment that reaches to the depths of our being--one that is an adjustment of our whole being with the conditions of existence. In the process of living, attainment of a period of equilibrium is at the same time the initiation (I, 14)

of a new relation to the environment, one that brings with it potency of new adjustments to be made through struggle. The time of consummation is also one of beginning anew. Any attempt to perpetuate beyond its terms the enjoyment attending the time of fulfillment and harmony constitutes withdrawal from the world. Hence it marks the lowering and loss of vitality. But, through the phases of perturbation and conflict, there abides the deep-seated memory of an underlying harmony, the sense of which haunts life like the sense of being founded on a rock."

The attainment of harmony, an equanimity undisturbed by trivia and noise from the passing throng, does not mark the terminal point of individuation. Its beneficent influence extends beyond the realm of the individual into society itself, for each one who has achieved excellence through individuation accepts the responsibility of returning this excellence to the race of man. Without any attitude of superiority, he realizes the importance of contributing to the world at large and fulfills his duty. Then, and then only, does individuation accomplish its supreme purpose.

III. An Allegory in Individuation

Introduction

Jingling in the Wind, an allegorical fantasy which appeared in 1928 after the publication of The Time of Man and My Heart and My Flesh, two epic novels by the same author, not only confused many of its readers but even evoked much scathing criticism. What was Elizabeth Roberts trying to say? ... Why had she chosen the form of fantasy? ... Had she seriously adopted this literary technique for her future works, or was it just an experiment? ... Had she exhausted her knowledge of economic conditions? ... These questions represent the typical attitude assumed at that time by the average American reader. Furthermore, they disclose his inability to evaluate correctly any novels of Elizabeth Roberts.

Although Jingling in the Wind was published after her first two epic novels, it should not be regarded as a true successor to them in the Roberts chronology, for she conceived the plan for this allegory much earlier and worked on it simultaneously with her other two books. Actually, if one were to arrange the collected novels of Elizabeth Roberts in one edition, Jingling in the Wind should be placed first to serve as an introduction, a kind of prologue, to the other six novels. Since

Jingling in the Wind is Miss Roberts' literary declaration of her philosophic perspective, a detailed analysis of this novel precludes all conjecture. Consequently, for a critical evaluation of her novels it is imperative to reject mere opinion and turn directly to her own writing for an inquiry into her psychology of individuation.

A. Philosophic Perspective

Elizabeth Roberts waits until the final paragraph of Jingling in the Wind to present the key to the symbolism used in the allegory. She writes:

"Then that most exquisite spider that crouches at the hub of the web that is the mind stirred, feeling a tremor pass over the web as if some coil of it were shaken by a visitation from without. Life is from within, and thus the noise outside is a wind blowing in a mirror. But love is a royal visitor which that proud ghost, the human spirit, settles in elegant chambers and serves with the best."*

Here the author definitely identifies the "web" referred to in the narrative with the "mind." Then the "exquisite spider that crouches at the hub of the web" must be the human spirit, the creative mind, or, in other words, the artist. The

*VI--Jingling in the Wind
(VI, 256)

allegorical spider stirs as she feels a vibration touch some part of her coil. With her eight legs performing their duty as sensitive antennae, the spider responds to each external stimulus, but, like any other creative artist, she selects those tremors, or ideas, which she desires to weave into her web, her life-pattern. "Life is from within," affirms Elizabeth Roberts, and then she appropriately uses the spider as a functional symbol of this idea, since the secretions which form the web come from the spinnerets within the spider. "The noise outside," she continues, "is a wind blowing in a mirror!"--another apt symbolism, certainly, for who would pay much attention to a wind "seen" blowing in a mirror or be disturbed by any noise "heard" in a glass!

Remembering that the spider represents the creative mind of man, the author's psychological meaning may readily be discerned. An artist, sensitive to all external stimuli, like the spider, selects and rejects the thoughts or ideas which come into his consciousness from his environment. Then he weaves these ideas into his own pattern of experience, creating value throughout his life by the continuous process of individuation. Like the spider running up and down the strands of her web, the creative mind through the free play of imagination and memory, can review scenes and events in the past. From this retrospection, the artist assimilates value which helps him to interpret his present situation. This cumulative process of

evaluating experience by means of which one distills value is known as individuation. It is this process of weaving which differentiates the artist from the non-creative person. It is individuation which permits two artists, in identical human circumstances, to weave different patterns, because "life," that is, experience, "is from within."

Elizabeth Roberts concludes her final paragraph with this statement, "But love is a royal visitor which that proud ghost, the human spirit, settles in elegant chambers and serves with the best." "Love" as the "royal visitor" is that spiritual love which has as its attributes peace, happiness, and harmony. The human spirit, by individuation, becomes receptive to love, and welcomes it into his highest state of consciousness. It is individuation which enables one to find an inner peace in the midst of confusion, paying no heed to the "noise outside" which is "a wind blowing in a mirror." This same theme is expressed in the following quotation near the end of the book, "In the midst of confusion there is always a flow of harmony, a quiet water that is not troubled by the weathers which are those winds of the world that blow about the earth."

Not only does Elizabeth Roberts reveal her psychology of individuation in Jingling in the Wind, but, in addition, she writes the novel as an illustration of the process of individuation. Therefore, having considered the end of the book first to discover what Elizabeth Roberts declares as her philosophic (VI, 248)

evaluating experience by means of which one distinguishes
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W. J. L.
A. R. & H. CO.

perspective, it is now critically important to trace her development of individuation throughout the story.

The principal character in Jingling in the Wind is Jeremy, a professional rainmaker. He is the artist with the creative mind. Although he is a student, he is not a sophisticated snob but a good mixer and easy to know. He possesses a poetic soul from which emanate his fondness for singing and his romantic imaginings. Jeremy makes his first appearance as he is walking along the countryside during a drizzling rain, joyously bursting forth into song. A beautifully artistic passage illustrates Miss Roberts' conception of the interpenetration of man with nature.

"Pure sensation had waited on the hill. Now Jeremy, a man, had come to participate in it, to give it point. He stood high above the grass, the wet penetrating his shoes and cooling his feet. Little tremors of satisfaction and vague pain passed upward from his feet to his ankles and thence to his knees and his thighs, gratitude to the rain. Pleasure ran through his neck and his throat with the trickling water that dripped from his hat, spread to his shoulders, water running over the rubber surface of his black rain-suit and making delicate rivers of feeling run deeply within his skin, touching lightly his bones and his sinews. He was still, his mind at ease, his inner part bathed and soothed in sense. At every point his body touched the rain, although he was covered with

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The principal character in Waiting on the Hill is Jeremy, a professional retoucher. He is the artist with the creative mind. Although he is a student, he is not a sophisticated and not a good mixer and easy to know. He possesses a poetic soul from which emanates his fondness for singing and his romantic imaginations. Jeremy makes his first appearance as he is walking along the countryside during a drizzling rain, joyously bursting forth into song. A beautifully artistic passage illustrates Miss Roberts' conception of the interpenetration of man with nature.

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a close rubber garment that kept away the outer manifestation of the wet, the least significant part."

This direct experience with nature was made possible by Jeremy's artistic sensitivity, similar to that of the symbolic spider, which the author reveals in this description of him: "All Jeremy's feelers had laid hold on the rain and they waved softly now in the coolness, sending exquisite darts of pleasure and distress through his entire order. The outer tentacles of his being had touched the rain and the coolness of the morning, had touched the day, and they spread now as a nebula, as a fog of stellar matter around an inner nucleus."

Jeremy began to pick up pieces of the soil to examine its quality and "in all his proddings there was a question, as if he would interrogate the brown wet dust and the stony layer under the clay, fossil rock, and after that ask again, going more and more inwardly." This does not refer to any specific question but is given to show that Jeremy had an inquiring disposition which is a necessary element of a creative mind.

As Jeremy walked back to his home for breakfast, he created in his imagination a snake with an Irish accent that reproved him for his simple remarks, but Jeremy explained that he merely wanted to pass the time of day. Entering the door, he commenced to sing inwardly, and as he sang "he ruminated." The manner in which Jeremy "ruminated" shows the process of individuation. "It was often his custom and his very great pleasure (VI, 4, 6)

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While his sister-in-law, Clara Belle, served him his breakfast, Jeremy ignored her questions as if he did not hear her, and he seemed to be in a world apart as he thought about the lives of different people in a chain of associations. Then Jeremy gave a lengthy discourse on the Winkle System of rain production, "conversing with his inner man." In these "ruminations," as the author calls them, he wove the reasons that the system was called Winkle, the factions that arose over the question of rain control, the good and bad features of the Winkle system, and the religious arguments expounded by the

(VI, 12, 13)

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heretics. Then, distilling value from this experience, he concluded, "It is sweet to live here thus, far from the noisy controversy. Echoes of it touch me faintly as I go and come among the fields. I, Jeremy come and go. I water the growing corn and all my talents are given to the springing grains."

The above passage definitely parallels the thought expressed in the final paragraph of the novel, for Jeremy entertained love in his heart as he, in the process of weaving, rejected the noise of the outside world. Jeremy realized that life, experience, is from within, and he created it for himself. Also, this paragraph is an assertion of his faith in his own creative faculties. A simple analogy may be pointed out here between the spider and the artist. In the same way that the spider is supported by his delicate web as he jingles in the wind, so the creative mind is supported by its faith in its artistic endowments.

Jeremy again mentioned his inner peace when he anticipated a visit from his friend Josephus. "'Happy to be at home,' said he, 'far from the hubbub and controversy. And to me, Jeremy, Josephus will come, buffeted by the world. ... He will stammer into my ear his story of his life in the cities.'" Josephus informed his friend that there "was a great preparation going forward in the world, an event being prepared"...and that a "great throng had been arriving at the capital, a great stir." When Jeremy inquired if the people were ready for this great

(VI, 30, 32, 38)

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disclosure, he learned that they were not and that this stir "moved them without point toward nothing they could see or guess. Josephus had come there to hide himself in the turmoil, to ask nothing of it but shelter for his timorous spirit."

The people in the city, including Josephus, represent the large mass of persons who are caught in a whirlpool of activity and confusion for whom life has no meaning. Why is life devoid of meaning for them? Because they lack the ability to individuate their experience which would enable them to create value and thereby achieve harmony with their environment. Josephus may be considered the contrapuntal shadow of Jeremy, since he typifies the physical, non-thinking man who does not understand how to distill harmony. In contrast to Jeremy who was joyous, Josephus was disturbed by his conflict with his environment. He thought he could find peace by escaping reality, by hiding himself in the midst of the confusion.

Both Jeremy and Josephus had physical defects, but each reacted differently to his trouble. Jeremy's face was blemished by a birthmark which turned red whenever he experienced an emotion of any sort, and it was the delight of young ladies to kiss it, watching the mark heighten in color. "Jeremy was not ashamed of this mark, although he took no great pride in it as an agent or abettor of esteem directed toward him by the sex complementary to his own. He preferred to be (VI, 38)

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him by the sex complementary to his own. He preferred to be

liked or admired by other signs, such as evidences of manly power and courage or even beauty." Jeremy recognized his birth-mark as an element in life which he could not change nor run away from, and therefore he adjusted himself intelligently to this deficiency.

Josephus was afflicted with stammering, but, unlike Jeremy, he could not make allowances for his impediment, and he found it a constant source of annoyance and embarrassment to him. When Jeremy advised Josephus to seek a cure for his stammering, Josephus informed him there was no cure short of death. This implies that his stammering is symbolic of his inability to articulate value. Consequently, Josephus could never distill harmony. Josephus argued he would not be "lifted out of his despair only to be made again the sport of his fates," and in answer to further protest on the part of Jeremy, Josephus ran off, refusing to listen to Jeremy's protestations, "borne by the wind that issued from within him." The wind here symbolizes confusion--the confusion in Josephus' mind, because he lacked the ability to create value.

Several days elapsed after Josephus' abrupt departure, and Jeremy was left alone with his reflections. Doubtless, this quiet time gave Jeremy an opportunity for further individuation, since the mind becomes more fertile during its fallow periods. One morning he could not free his thought from the persistent suggestion that he should go to the city. After considerable

(VI, 19, 77)

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debate with his inner self, he rationalized that he had business to attend to at the capital and should go.

On the way the bus broke down, and the passengers told their life-stories while resting under the liquidambar tree. (Elizabeth Roberts takes this opportunity to censure the stupid conventions of modern life which prevent one's individuation in a folk-pattern.) As the lady passenger began to narrate her mother's life-story, she was interrupted by the descent from a cloud of a young woman, (which is, of course, possible in fantasy), who joined the group and, in turn, told her life-story. Jeremy was delighted to learn that she was the same Tulip McAfee with whom Josephus had once been in love, and that, in addition, she was a rain expert en route to the Rain-makers' Convention. Now Jeremy had previously crystallized his need for a wife. In his romantic imaginings he often created an apparition named Pippin or Pansy or any of twenty-two different phantoms according to his whim. "She could be wanton, constant, easy, lewd, haughty, cold, particular, inviting, difficult, sympathetic and loving." Jeremy had tried to destroy this nightmarish creature, but she always returned to him. "In his contemplated and unswift vision of her, the image, abstractly seen, was worthy of some grand lady of romance whose proud candid face might signify the warmth and gentleness of the inner being. In this vision she was wise and beautiful and good." Riding to the city, Jeremy imagined that "his wife in the guise of

(VI, 36) 170, 173)

Eugenia sat beside him, scarcely perceived but felt as a negative warmth at his elbow."

At the capital when Jeremy had watched the cab with Tulip inside disappear from sight, he turned toward the Growers' Grange. "After a few moments of confusion he began to arrange his thoughts in the accustomed order endeared to his mind." His confusion soon dissolved in the process of individuation, and he came to a very satisfying conclusion as he weighed the evidence of past experience. "I perceive clearly what has happened to me," he said, "what has been in the course of happening for some time but now takes shape and substance. I have become enamored of this woman, Tulip, so entirely that all former amours are forgotten..." After this concise avowal of love, Jeremy convinced himself that he was not "altogether unpresentable man in the eyes of woman," and he devised schemes for winning Tulip's affection.

But making love to Tulip was not easy. In the first place, Tulip did not come to the rainmen's convention which disappointed Jeremy. Why didn't she make an appearance? "I will not think," said Jeremy, "that she shirks her task or stays of her own will." And as he pondered the cause of her absence, "forced detention lurked in his suspicion and his fears were built higher." Immediately he determined to search for Tulip and to bring her back "to the uses of sentiment and romance indeed." While performing this mission, he constructed in his

(VI, 80, 170, 178)

troubled mind all the hazardous situations that Tulip might be experiencing. His love for her, with his concomitant fears for her safety, became an obsession to him, especially as "a void remained in the core of Jeremy's heart, for with the brief presence of Tulip his phantom had left, making a wide interval."

In the midst of his work Tulip's face rose up before him like a vision. Then his thought turned toward her and "toward villainy, and he searched causes, weighing again all who sat under the liquidambar and the thorn." Jeremy examined the past in his experience-pattern to find an answer to the present exigency. This is another reference to the evaluative functioning of his mind, termed individuation. However, he did not distill harmony since "he could scarcely think forcefully or make a decision, for no sooner had he presented his fears in orderly procession than came....messages (from the "Dark Lady"), tokens which heated his blood with hate-lust and called upon his tongue for more spiced epithets of denial."

When Jeremy discovered that Tulip, situated comfortably in a suite of rooms at the Keepsake Hotel, had been responsible for the entire plan of the convention with its carnival and parade, that she had chosen him to demonstrate a rain-storm in the making, that she had given him the epithet "Rain Bat," he experienced an emotional upheaval which nearly culminated in complete disillusionment. The bubble of his pride (VI, 186, 188, 189)

had been disastrously pricked. He vacillated between his love for Tulip and his resentment that she had tricked him. It is here and toward the end of the novel that Elizabeth Roberts has a good time making satiric thrusts at masculine arrogance. Jeremy's ego was temporarily deflated as he considered the talents of Tulip. "Unable to heal his mind of its hurt" because it was as if "blistered and twisted," he reiterated, "for who but a woman would have thought of such an epithet." Later, he spoke of the "fertile mind of Tulip" in conceiving this name for him.

After Jeremy had left the procession, which was a phantasmagoria of his success, he rested in a park. "Being no longer a part of it, he was better able to see the parade as it passed and to realize it was the better as it passed than when he had occupied the first place in the formation." Elizabeth Roberts intimates later that life is a parade of ideas in the imagination.

The high light of the author's psychology of individuation in Jingling in the Wind comes into view with the introduction of the spider, symbolic of the creative mind. It was in the park that Jeremy "heard her faint whispered speech as she communed with herself, spinning. Beneath the patter of the parade on the way he heard this soft whirr, her running summary of all that she did, the recounting wheel of her whispered speech and act, spinning." (VI, 225, 227, 229)

had been disastrously pricked. He vacillated between his love for Tullip and his resentment that she had tricked him. It is here and toward the end of the novel that Elizabeth Roberts has a good time making satiric thrusts at masculine arrogance. Jeremy's ego was temporarily deflated as he considered the talents of Tullip. "Unable to heal his mind of its hurt" because it was as if "blistered and twisted," he reiterated, "for who but a woman would have thought of such an epithet." Later, he spoke of the "fertile mind of Tullip" in conceiving this name for him.

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The high light of the author's psychology of individualism in Laughing in the Wind comes into view with the introduction of the spider, symbolic of the creative mind. It was in the park that Jeremy "heard her faint whispered speech as she communed with herself, spinning. Beneath the patter of the parade on the way he heard this soft whirr, her running summary of all that she did, the recounting wheel of her whispered speech and act, spinning."

The spider revealed to Jeremy her process of individuation, as she spun, explaining, "I have it all here in my hands. ... I have it all here, the whole of culture. I draw it all out of myself with my long supple fingers, I pattern it on the air. I make it as I go, but it is made already within me, spinning." As she told him what the different segments of the web represent, Jeremy remarked, "It is a parade of ideas." "Yes, of ideas," said the spider. "I saw you leave it, sir."

Jeremy learned from the spider that "all women are philosophers" and that some are poets. Then, "no longer having the parade to distract his thought," his thoughts turned to Tulip, and, his hurt not yet healed, he "twisted about in his in-bitten pain and distress." Jeremy was still struggling to recover harmony with his environment.

The spider, the creative mind, helped Jeremy in his process of individuation, showing him how to cope with his problem. Following her advice, after he had examined the pattern of the past, he altered his plan for founding a Masculine Renaissance on the basis of direct action and decided to let "flattery and chivalry" be restored first. In conformity with this principle, he phrased a beautiful proposal of love to Tulip, but he still affirmed that he was the master and captain of his fate and would "captain this woman as well."

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(VI, 230, 231, 232, 233, 240)

expected, and they began to exchange "gifts" of love, which were not things but spiritual qualities of thought. Jeremy paid a tribute to women as he acknowledged their contribution to the race of man. He firmly believed that a new era had dawned in which "a better time has come to the world, harmony and content and the good life. Womankind are beautiful and good, gracious and wise. Delusion is past. Three elements have been restored to the world, charity, womanly graciousness, and masculine dignity." In realizing this new value from his experience, Jeremy added, "Woman is to be gracious and beautiful, ~~the giver of gifts, co-equal~~ with man but different in office. The woman is going to know again the glory of submitting. Man is to be the ruler in the house."

It appears that Elizabeth Roberts is taking this opportunity to give woman her rightful place in the world of art, for Jeremy had to concede the point that Tulip was an artist with a "fertile mind." Moreover, he understood that men and women had complementary qualities which made them co-equal. He no longer resented Tulip's artistic attributes but understood how they harmonized with his own in a happy union.

The process of individuation which is artistically illustrated in the allegory Jingling in the Wind is consummated in Jeremy's succinct statement: "In the midst of confusion there is always a flow of harmony, a quiet water that (VI, 246, 247)

expected, and they began to exchange "glittering" love, which were not things but spiritual qualities of thought. Jeremy paid a tribute to women as he acknowledged their contribution to the race of man. He firmly believed that a new era had dawned in which "a better time has come to the world, harmony and content and the good life. Womanhood the beautiful and good, gracious and wise. Dejection is past. Three elements have been restored to the world, charity, womanly graciousness, and masculine dignity." In realizing this new value from his experience, Jeremy added, "Woman is to be gracious and beautiful, the giver of gifts, co-equal with man but different in office. The woman is going to know again the glory of sublimity. Man is to be the ruler in the house." It appears that Elizabeth Roberts is taking this opportunity to give women her rightful place in the world of art, for Jeremy had to concede the point that Tulp was an artist with a "feminine mind." Moreover, he understood that men and women had complementary qualities which made them co-equal. He no longer resented Tulp's artistic attributes but understood how they harmonized with his own in a happy union.

The process of individuation which is artistically illustrated in the allegory Janet in the Wind is consummated in Jeremy's succinct statement: "In the midst of confusion there is always a flow of harmony, a quiet water that

is not troubled by the weathers which are those of the world that blow about the earth." This sentence presents conclusive evidence for stating that Elizabeth Roberts' whole artistic focus is on the quality of individuating experience--the interaction of man and nature.

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B. Artistic Perspective

An allegorical fantasy, Jingling in the Wind features Elizabeth Roberts' free play of imagination. This is the only novel in which the author is diverted from her more serious realism by a desire for levity. Perhaps this is the result of the Chaucerian influence which Jingling in the Wind reveals. The title itself is taken from the Prologue to The Canterbury Tales, where the bridle of the monk's horse could be heard "gynglen in a whistlynge wynd." In spirit and form, Jingling in the Wind has many of the characteristics of The Canterbury Tales. This similarity is noticeable in the adoption of the name Pertelote for the singing hen, in the imitation of the tales of the Canterbury pilgrims by the stories of the travelers en route to the city and in the author's reference to the humors of man. The spirit of genial sympathy, mild satire, humor and wit in Jingling in the Wind resemble that of Chaucer. Like this fourteenth-century writer, Elizabeth Roberts has a keen perception of human nature and enjoys making satiric thrusts at man's foibles. Her mood of raillery dominates the entire book.

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An allegorical fantasy, Jinling in the Wind features Elizabeth Roberts' free play of imagination. This is the only novel in which the author is diverted from her more serious realism by a desire for levity. Perhaps this is the result of the Chaucerian influence which Jinling in the Wind reveals. The title itself is taken from the Prologue to The Canterbury Tales, where the bride of the month's horse could be heard "syngyn in a whistlyng wynd." In spirit and form, Jinling in the Wind has many of the characteristics of The Canterbury Tales. This similarity is noticeable in the adoption of the name Pertelote for the singing hen, in the imitation of the tales of the Canterbury pilgrims by the stories of the travelers en route to the city and in the author's reference to the humors of man. The spirit of genial sympathy, mild satire, humor and wit in Jinling in the Wind resembles that of Chaucer. Like this fourteenth-century writer, Elizabeth Roberts has a keen perception of human nature and enjoys making satirical thrusts at man's foibles. Her mood of raillery dominates the entire book.

Because the author's artistic emphasis is on individual action in experience, the purpose of her satire in Jinling in the

Wind is to decry whatever would prevent individuation in a folk-pattern. Particularly in the stories related by the travelers under the liquidambar tree does Elizabeth Roberts show her genius as a writer of satire. Her charming style, which approaches poetic prose in many places, is made still more piquant by the artistic seasoning of the satire with delicate touches of irony, humor, and wit. These stories are full of allegorical indictments against the stupid conventions of modern life which tend to deprive one of individuation. The author scorns the psychologists, theologians, and metaphysicians who, despite their highly specialized vocabulary on the subject of life, have never had a real experience. She scoffs at race discrimination and class consciousness. She berates the factory system. She ridicules commercial advertising. She pokes fun at religious controversies, the legislative system, factions and ideologies of government, business corporations, evolution, eugenics, divorce, scientific propaganda--in short, she satirizes anything that would prevent a complete adjustment of the individual to a folk-pattern.

In the account Josephus gave of the preparation being made in the city for some great disclosure, the element of humor softens the satire:

"He (Josephus) had wandered into halls where societies were met to discourse; he had been entrammelled by debaters and snared by causes and rights. Schools had been formed to support

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"He (Josephus) had wandered into halls where societies were met to discourse; he had been entrained by debaters and snared by causes and rights. Schools had been formed to support

this or that, to prevent some other. Learned men offered opinions and weighed phrases. Committees investigated charms, spells, hoodoos, the influence of stum-water on warts, on moles, on styes, the influence of natural forces on prognosticators. Other committees investigated love charms and tokens, or weighed the potency of passion or measured it with a measuring apparatus and issued cards of permission. The psychologists were there. . . .

"'Yes, what of the psychologists?' Jeremy asked.

"They were there. Having destroyed friendship and exhausted classical myth, they were investigating the dreams of the happily married: Did they dream? How often? What? The psychologists were almost without occupation. The world had dwindled. They sat twiddling their thumbs. Josephus had come to this place to lose himself in a great throng, to feel the strength of surrounding numbers of his own futile kind.... There were assembled all the forces of science, religion, art, politics, and business, and their anti-forces, together with their wives, amours, offices, heirs, affiliations, and charges.

Learned theologians sat in tense postures in a hall answering one another with weighty discourses, their questions calling to mind the great ages of the past when doctrines were made solid as cannons. Metaphysicians weighed delicate hairs of thought and subtracted faint essences of meanings, pushing gently and more inwardly upon words, trying to find the whereabouts of a

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substance which Josephus with his stammering breath could designate only as the what-is-it. There was a group whose concern was to relieve thought of language, but over against these labored a group whose struggle it was to relieve language of thought."

Throughout the book Elizabeth Roberts makes satiric jibes at big business and modern advertising which exploit the people, depriving them of the freedom of individuation. Evidence of this satire may be found in Josephus' description of the turmoil of human affairs in the city: "Among them were whirlpools, vortices in the stream--the businesses, promoters, drummers, agents, captains of finance. The billboards where merchandise was announced were quick with life, putting forth new growth daily, and at night the sky-signs metamorphosed from admonition to admonition. Salesmen offered properties at continually mounting prices, and this crescendo was itself a wave in the flood. Many churches had entered the business world and served foods or sold shares in mines which were jointly owned by Divine Providence and a board of deacons. Street parades representing many causes were continually in procession and oratory was practised for the sake of cult, of anti-cult. The streets and the halls of the city were liquid-flowing with the culture, the wit, the selling genius, the thought, of the nation, and were continually enlivened with buntings, banquets, brass bands, banners, and bandannas."

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Here is another example of Elizabeth Roberts' witty satire: "One night he (Josephus) had heard this Scheherezade telling her midnight story, some tale she had gathered from her meetings with maids and bellmen at the hotel--for she was cloistered in privacy. Her voice had a sweet quality and her mastery of the American tongue was her delight. Josephus had heard her completing her tale....'Then the little George Washington looked openly up into his father's face and said: "Father, I cannot tell an advertisement. I did it with my little hatchet."'"

A spicy aroma of humor and wit permeates Jingling in the Wind. The following excerpts illustrate the genial warmth and the sparkling fire of her brilliant mind:

"After the travelers had waited more than an hour, they fell into an easy but guarded conversation, the man in the pepper-and-salt clothes telling a little story to illustrate his argument for the widespread cultivation of eels, which were, he said, too little appreciated, and which were an excellent dish when stuffed with nutmeg and cloves, stuck with cloves, cooked with wine on a chafing dish and garnished with lemon, or even better, boiled in half water and half wine with the bottom of a manchet, a fagot of parsley and a little winter savory, the eels taken out and a little bread broken into the broth with two or three spoonfuls of yeast and some sweet

(VI, 58)

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butter, this then poured to the eels laid on sippets. This gentleman made himself very pleasant to the company.

"Jeremy let his mouth water after the eels, particularly after the bits of lemon flavoring the first recipe, and felt for his pocketbook. Finding it secure in his hip pocket, he formulated a brief descriptive statement regarding the friendly traveler. 'I take it that he is interested in land in some way,' he said, 'although eels are, I believe, grown under water.'"

Jeremy had just remarked that he knew why the hotel had changed its name to Keepsake.

"Josephus admitted the accuracy of Jeremy's surmises. Every unattached or detachable object was labeled 'keepsake' in plain letters. At the desk in the office the bright young man who accepted fees from the leaving guest would often ask in his engaging way, 'And did you get your keepsake?' or he would say, 'That bath faucet. I'm glad you took a fancy for it. I hope you'll enjoy it very much.'"

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(VI, 34-35, 34)

and dirt and vapors. When Jeremy looked back to the parade the creatures from the (advertising) journals were passing, hearty wielders of nuts and bolts, of crowbars and levers. Behind these came travelers, seeing Spain, seeing the Orient, their luggage neat, their cheques ample. Finally there came the queens of the world; they had sold their queenliness to salve and grease ointment companies, they marched with the rabblement. After them came the lame, the halt, and the blind, recognized from Jeremy's weekly paper, the deaf, the bashful, the varicose-veined, the bed-wetters, the unmarried, the expectant mother, teeth we love to show, learn stage dancing in six easy lessons, the Jazz music-master, goiters, fits, roup, settings of eggs, burns, bunions, spavin, itch, bedbugs, lice, lost manhood, bad dreams, baldness, falling hair, bowlegs, St. Vitus dance, drunkenness cured at home--familiar monsters from the lowly walks of the world. Finally came the Chicago adjectives, bringing the parade to a magnificent finale, the Chicago epithets--enormous, brutal, unscrupulous, pathetic, amateur, gigantic, huge, heavy, animal, turgid, pulsing, and Titan."

The principal symbols in Jingling in the Wind have already been discussed under the topic "Philosophic Perspective," for a knowledge of what the spider, the web, the spinning process, and the wind represent was essential to grasp the author's psychology of individuation. The main characters, too, are symbols in the allegory. Jeremy signifies the artistic, (VI, 231-232)

and dirt and vapors. When Jeremy looked back to the parade, the creatures from the (advertising) journals were passing, hearty wielders of nuts and bolts, of crowbars and levers. Behind these came travelers, seeing Spain, seeing the Orient, their luggage neat, their chaperons ample. Finally there came the queens of the world; they had sold their queenliness to salve and grease ointment companies, they warmed with the rabblement. After them came the lame, the halt, and the blind, recognized from Jeremy's weekly paper, the deaf, the beautiful, the varicose-veined, the bed-wetters, the unmarried, the expectant mother, teeth we love to show, learn stage dancing in six easy lessons, the last music-master, colters, fife, foug, settings of eggs, burns, bunions, sprains, itches, bedbugs, lice, lost manhood, bad dreams, baldness, falling hair, bowlegs, St. Vitus dance, drunkenness cured at home--familiar monsters from the lowly walks of the world. Finally came the Chicago rejectives, bringing the parade to a magnificent finale, the Chicago epileptics--enormous, brutal, unscrupulous, pathetic, amiable, gigantic, huge, heavy, animal, trucid, pulsing, and titanic. The principal symbols in Looking in the Wind have already been discussed under the topic "Philosophic Perspectives," for a knowledge of what the spider, the web, the spinning process, and the wind represent was essential to grasp the author's psychology of individualism. The main characters, too, are symbols in the allegory. Jeremy signifies the artistic,

creative mind, whose individuation is inclined to be more romantic than realistic. Tulip, the realistic artist, is his feminine counterpart. Josephus, the stammerer, typifies the inarticulate, non-creative mind, incapable of individuating experience. Symbols of lesser importance may be found in the procession. Forbidding and Ginbreath are two giants who represent Prohibition and the Liquor Habit, while Bruitabout, the cyclops of the modern world, was nicknamed Advertising.

An allegorical fantasy is an art form which encourages whimsicality, and Jingling in the Wind is not deficient in this element. The talking snake with the Irish accent and irritable disposition is an unexpected freak. The numerous fiends and phantoms, and the romantic hallucinations of Jeremy are all a part of the fantasy. The descent of Tulip from a cloud, where she was pursued by four wild horses, adds to the capricious mood of the narrative. Another imaginative extravagance, one that provides much humor, is the rejuvenation of Zelda after a glandular operation.

Since the prevailing spirit of Jingling in the Wind is effervescent, the style, too, is buoyant and gay. Rather, should one say "styles," for Elizabeth Roberts experimented with various modes of expression, skillfully harmonizing them by artistic handling. The element of style variety enhances the appeal of the fantasy.

At the beginning of the book Elizabeth Roberts shows

(VI, 1-2)

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At the beginning of the book Elizabeth Roberts shows

her unusual talent for describing scenes of commonplace things in nature with great vividness: "The rain increased in a crescendo and made a more continuous patter-dripping that arose higher in the scale with the increase of speed. Underneath the steady clatter of the drops on the leaves and the grass there was a faint humming that was perpetual in tone, as if the machinery of the instrument were heard through the music. A curled locust leaflet hung on a tall grass blade, but when the fall of the water increased it fell down to a cushion of matted grass. The leaves held out their forms to the coming wet, all still now as a used prayer, taking the wet on their shield-shaped fronts. It was early morning.

"A caterpillar crawled up a raspberry spray and found a dry spot under three touching leaves. It was a large fluffy caterpillar shading from brown to yellow, a muff of tobacco brown, eager to live, impertinent, on a raspberry stem. It wanted life. Life was for it. A small gray spider, silver as she darted quickly away, drew back beneath a twiggy bough, her web glistening in the wet. The air moved lightly, a segment of air moved this way and that, taking a little bough upward and settling it back in an uncertain mood. All the birds were still. There were two odors, one from the leaves in the grass, a sweet odor of decay. The dust being moistened made another odor."

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(VI, 1-2)

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"A caterpillar crawled up a raspberry spray and found
a dry spot under three touching leaves. It was a large fluffly
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air moved this way and that, taking a little bough upward and
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still. There were two odors, one from the leaves in the grass,
a sweet odor of decay. The dust being moistened made another
odor."

The paragraph immediately following after this one,

continuing in the same rhythmical style, is illustrative of the author's ability to create suspense: "Then a sound, a swaying movement of tone mingled with felt percussion began to drag and strike on the wet. It came nearer, in the midst of the running whisper a great throb or beat that was a regular and blithe drum-tap widely muted. The sound came nearer, circled about but did not diminish or change in quality, and then came the low metallic purr that enhanced it and brought it nearer to the water of the grass blades. The crickets were aware of the approach and the caterpillar made no stir of recognition, but the quail under a brush heap crept more inwardly toward the shadows of the twigs and snags, and a toad leaped softly away. The sound became a great fall of thunder and throbbing that ran with a continual blur of whispered sighs and metallic string tones; and feet, a man's feet, stepped along the grass and clover, the fall of each step a great thunder in the stillness of the rain. The dragging of the boots through the herbs made the long sigh of unstressed music that was sharpened by the metallic boot fasteners as they dragged on the grass and were thus prolonged to strings on which the grass blades fiddled in light, humorous, running sound. Thus Jeremy entered."

In the conversations between Jeremy and Josephus, no quotation marks are used to indicate Josephus' speech. The reason for this is carefully explained by Miss Roberts: "Josephus was a stammerer, for a blight had been put upon his (VI, 2-3)

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In the conversations between Jeremy and Josephine, no quotation marks are used to indicate Josephine's speech. The reason for this is carefully explained by Miss Roberts: "Josephine was a stammerer, for a blight had been put upon his

cradle. On making notes and writing his remembrances, Jeremy did not try to reproduce the exact speech of Josephus, fearing that to do so would be to waste consonants and to stud a page with those small impulses that lie between a word in the mind and a sound in the mouth-parts. Rather he took the substance of what Josephus said and subtracted it of its clutter, of its phonetic waste, and replied with patience, nodding his head when his understanding met Josephus on the way."

A few lines from the lady traveler's story, told under the liquidambar tree, will suffice to show the functional use of her staccato style. Miss Roberts prepares her readers for this change of tempo by explaining the purpose of this literary device:

"Her discourse came to Jeremy's ears in a broken sort confused with other sayings that floated over the grass and punctuated by the explosive ejaculations from the engine (of the motorbus). The lady's voice, then, as Jeremy received it, his ear distressed by the several sounds and his eye distracted by the newcomer, Tulip--he had no doubt of it--who sat beside him:

The Lady Traveler's Story

a barrel of cod-liver oil . . .

Drowned . . . would . . . and guess . . .

after which left ship . . .

No longer able to endure the sight . . .

(VI, 37-38)

travels. On making notes and writing his remembrances, Jeremy did not try to reproduce the exact speech of Josephus, feeling that to do so would be to waste consonants and to stand a page with those small impulses that lie between a word in the mind and a sound in the mouth-parts. Rather he took the substance of what Josephus said and abstracted it of its clutter, of its phonetic waste, and replied with patience, nodding his head when his understanding met Josephus on the way."

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The Lady Traveler's Story

a barrel of col-liver oil . . .
 browned . . . would . . . and guess . . .
 after which left ship . . .
 No longer able to ensure the slight . . .

Widowed her . . . Took passage . . .
 Cornwall, but landed in San Juan . . .
 addressed there by a fat planter . . .
 Allured as he was by her aversion to oils . . .
 salad dressings . . . gasoline . . . butter . . .
 castor oil . . . "

The preceding chapter pointed out that *Jingling in the Wind* is . . . The numerous literary devices that enliven Elizabeth Roberts prose in *Jingling in the Wind* make it indeed a "mixture of madcap gaiety, poetry, and satire." One reviewer has caught a glimpse of the appealing beauty of this unusual novel which has too long been unrecognized by the general reading public: "Many readers--perhaps most--will not like this fantastic and erratic tale. Many more will, we should trust, like its beautiful style, its recurrent sentences and paragraphs of rare beauty, its mocking and elusive satire. It is a gentle, clouded form of satire, sometimes rather wistful, and seldom more than reproachful. It is a mockery that shifts and changes in color and form from page to page, usually defying analysis. The poetry dances, disappears, and reappears. To enjoy the book the reader must surrender himself to its capricious humor, its elfish alternation of tenderness and laughter, its opal combination of fire and vapor, its sudden ascents from rough homeliness to lyricism."

(VI, 148-149)

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IV. The Time of Man

Introduction

The preceding chapter pointed out that Jingling in the Wind is an allegorical fantasy in individuation. Elizabeth Roberts wrote it as a kind of diversion from the two epic novels on which she was simultaneously concentrating. One can not read Jingling in the Wind without recognizing at once the playful spirit which pervades it. One senses, too, the pleasure the author must have had in playing with different styles of literary expression, her delight in concealing her philosophic perspective behind elusive symbols, her joy in the artistic insertion of satire, irony, and humor, but the mood of raillery which dominates Jingling in the Wind must not be anticipated in her other books. Jingling in the Wind differs, also, from her other novels in that it has no complicated plot structure but is held together by a whimsical thread of romance. Furthermore, it lacks profound character development. The Time of Man is the antithesis of Jingling in the Wind in each of these characteristics. It is an epic novel with highly developed characters in a well-conceived plot. It reveals the serious mood of the author in her expression of experiential realism. There

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is no element of allegory or fantasy in The Time of Man. Instead, its prevailing spirit is realism--the realism of people in a folk-pattern whose only hope for escape from monotony and unhappiness lies in the ability to individuate their experience.

Because The Time of Man is such a contrast to Jingling in the Wind in structure, style, and spirit, a short introduction is requisite to serve as a transition between the two books and to elucidate the method of critical investigation which will be applied to the epic novel.

In The Time of Man Elizabeth Roberts recounts the experience of Ellen Chesser from her adolescent years until, as a married woman with five children, she courageously defends her husband Jasper from an impetuous band of lynchers and promptly sets forth with her family in search of a new home. Ellen is the principal character in the story. She is the "live creature," the artist, whose art product is experience itself. Ellen realizes that the meaning of life is from within, and, consequently, she creates her own experience by the process of individuation. Sensitive to every emotional and mental impulse, or tremor, from her environment, like the symbolic spider in Jingling in the Wind, she is continuously receiving these stimuli to reflective thinking and weaving the meaning of them into her web, her life-pattern, which is composed of assimilated value from the past. Affected by an emotional shock, as Ellen is on several occasions in the story, she is able to recover by

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her individuating process by which she reconstructs her experience to bring about harmony.

As The Time of Man is a folk-novel, Ellen's environment is a folk-culture. Being the daughter of Henry Chesser, a poor share-cropper in Kentucky, she is brought up in rural communities where living conditions are very primitive. The dwelling-places are frequently one-room shacks in such dilapidated condition that rain drips through the rotten boards of the roof, wetting the floor beneath. When a small youngster Ellen had no room of her--not even a bed--but crawled in with her mother and father. Ellen, living on Hep Bodine's property, goes barefoot through the mud and grasses, bathes in the creek, piles cool clover on her face, sits in the waist-high corn, romps with the colt, carries water from the spring, chops wood for the fire, picks worms from the tobacco leaves, and tends her own little garden. Through these activities Ellen obtains direct experience from her interpenetration with nature. Since Ellen lives in an isolated place, miles from the center of the town, she cannot attend school, and she has not a single book to read, which is one of her childhood regrets. Therefore, Ellen's education is wholly empirical.

When Ellen is about sixteen, she moves to Al Wakefield's farm with her father and mother. Here she becomes acquainted with several boys and girls of her own age who invite her to their social affairs. Being the only child in her family,

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As the time of day is a false dawn, Ellen's experience is a false dawn. Being the daughter of a poor man,

a poor man's daughter in America, she is brought up in a community where living conditions are very primitive. The

dwelling-places are the hovel one-room huts in each village. The condition that exists there is the better because of

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her mother and father. Ellen, living on top of her property, goes barefoot through the mud and water, drenched in the creek,

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her to their social affairs. Being the only child in her family,

Ellen welcomes this opportunity--her first--for social contact. Her experience broadens and becomes enriched as she interacts with human beings as well as with the lower levels of animal life, plant life, and the elements. The addition of this new factor, by expanding the scope of Ellen's direct experience, increases her need for individuation. It is at this point in The Time of Man that Elizabeth Roberts begins to depict, with fidelity, the folk-ways of the people--their customs, superstitions, and beliefs. Their delight in group-singing and folk-dancing is sensitively portrayed. Since dancing and singing were intimate parts of the rites and ceremonies in which the meaning of group life was consummated in early civilizations, they still exist as the chief sources of recreation in a folk-pattern. In their dancing and in other forms of group-participation may be observed the uninhibited relationship between the sexes. The lack of restraint in the moral pattern of Ellen's associates, which is characteristic of the Kentucky folk-ways, is exposed by the author throughout the book. Their loose manner of living is made apparent in their courting and mating. Their outspoken remarks about mating and reproduction show their vital concern in these biological functions. Since the basic elements of experience are emphasized in a folk-culture, the folk-pattern provides a significant area for developing the theme of individuation in relation to the life-cycle.

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In a folk-culture where group activities form the nucleus of the social pattern, individuation is the only process by which a person can emerge from the ignorant mass and, as an individual, create his own experience. Ellen's process of individuation allows each event in her life to run its course of fulfillment and finally to become integrated with preceding events in such a way as to harmonize her existence with her environment. Out of the chaos of human affairs comes order--that order effected by Ellen's ability to transmute things into value. To demonstrate the pattern of Ellen Chessser's individuation in The Time of Man, the following outline of her experience, based on Elizabeth Roberts' philosophic and artistic perspectives, will be used.

1. The Life-Cycle (Biological Experience)

- a. Birth
- b. Adolescence
- c. Mating
- d. Reproduction
- e. Survival (Economic)
- f. Taking One's Place in the Race of Man
- g. Death

2. The Life-Pattern (Psychological Experience)

- a. Integrative Individuation
- b. Service to Man

In a folk-culture where group activities form the nucleus of the social pattern, individualism is the only process by which a person can emerge from the ignorant mass and, as an individual, create his own experience. Ellen's process of individualism allows each event in her life to run its course of fulfillment and finally to become integrated with preceding events in such a way as to harmonize her existence with her environment. Out of the chaos of human affairs comes order--that order effected by Ellen's ability to transmute things into value. To demonstrate the pattern of Ellen Chesser's individualism in The Time of Man, the following outline of her experience, based on Elizabeth Roberts' philosophic and artistic perspectives, will be used.

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- g. Death

2. The Life-Pattern (Psychological Experience)

- a. Integrative Individualism
- b. Service to Man

This is an appropriate place to point out one of the main differences between the classical and modern epic novels. In the classical, or traditional, epic novel the life-pattern is omitted, and only the life-cycle is represented. As soon as a person took his place in the race of man, his life-work was really over. He withdrew from active participation in his environment, and sat back waiting for destiny to overtake him. Then, unable to cope with destiny, or fate, he quietly accepted death as the natural termination of his life, and he went to his grave without having achieved any excellence to return to the race of man.

In contrast to the classical epic, the modern epic does not emphasize destiny as an inevitable force which constantly hovers over man and finally swoops him up as his helpless prey, soon to be devoured by death. Instead, destiny is minimized to denote the various incidents, episodes, and happenings which are embodied in his environment. Since man, through individuation, is capable of creating his own experience, he never succumbs to any disturbance from the outside but realizes, as Jeremy does in Jingling in the Wind, that the meaning of life is from within. Then, having eradicated the element of destiny, man, in the modern idea of the epic, finds that his life is just beginning when he has taken his place in the race of man. This may be explained more easily if one will refer to the outline on the preceding page and mentally insert

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the life-pattern between "f." and "g." of the life-cycle. After man has passed through the successive stages of his life-cycle through "f." Taking One's Place in the Race of Man," he has reached maturity in his biological experience. He is then ready for his psychological experience which is listed in the outline as "II. The Life-Pattern." Although, as a "live-creature," he has derived meaning from each step in the life-cycle which has enriched the value of the ensuing step, it is not until he has reached his biological maturity that he begins to attain his psychological maturity. Then, in the modern novel, his individuation becomes an integration of his emotional and intellectual development. This is the time one reaches fulfillment in his experience, realizes achievement, and returns excellence to the race of man as a result of individuation. In this way, man is occupied with real living, engaged in worthwhile activity, and enjoys his experience until the very moment that he dies. Death comes then not as a tragic event but as the natural result of man's maturing process. It is important to recall the distinction between the classical and modern ideas of an epic novel in tracing in this chapter the life-cycle and life-pattern of Ellen Chesser in The Time of Man, a modern epic novel.

The critical analysis of Elizabeth Roberts' philosophic perspective in The Time of Man will be followed by an examination of her artistic perspective. Selected passages from

the life-pattern between "I." and "II." of the life-cycle. After man has passed through the successive stages of his life-cycle through "I. Taking One's Place in the Race of Man," he has reached maturity in his biological experience. He is then ready for his psychological experience which is listed in the outline as "II. The Life-Pattern." Although, as a "life-creature," he has derived meaning from each step in the life-cycle which has enriched the value of the ensuing step, it is not until he has reached his biological maturity that he begins to attain his psychological maturity. Then, in the modern novel, his individualism becomes an integration of his emotional and intellectual development. This is the time one reaches fulfillment in his experience, realizes achievement, and returns excellence to the race of man as a result of individualism. In this way, man is occupied with real living, engaged in worthwhile activity, and enjoys his experience until the very moment that he dies. Death comes then not as a tragic event but as the natural result of man's maturing process. It is important to recall the distinction between the classical and modern ideas of an epic novel in tracing in this chapter the life-cycle and life-pattern of Ellen Chesson in The Time of Man, a modern epic novel.

The critical analysis of Elizabeth Roberts' philosophical perspective in The Time of Man will be followed by an examination of her artistic perspective. Selected passages from

the book will be presented to illustrate the essential characteristics of the author's artistic technique which reveal her genius as a modern writer.

1. The Life-Cycle

a. Birth

In accordance with the plan of critical investigation stated in the introduction to The Time of Man, the process of birth will be considered first, since it is the starting-point of the life-cycle of man. Elizabeth Roberts does not begin her novel with the birth of Ellen Chesser, the main character, as might be expected. How then does the author show Ellen's realization of the importance of birth in the experience of man? By witnessing this process in her immediate environment--sometimes in her own family, at other times in her neighbor's family. By this means, Elizabeth Roberts is able to show Ellen's individuating experience in relation to birth, a vital factor in environment.

At the age of fourteen Ellen Chesser was a precocious child. She had already developed to some extent mentally and emotionally so that she was beginning to realize value in her experience. The first elemental process that came to Ellen's attention was that of birth. When she was a small youngster she was present at the birth of Esther Stiles, a neighbor, as

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A. Philosophic Perspective

1. The Life-Cycle

a. Birth

In accordance with the plan of critical investigation stated in the introduction to The Time of Man, the process of birth will be considered first, since it is the starting-point of the life-cycle of man. Elizabeth Roberts does not begin her novel with the birth of Ellen Chesser, the main character, as might be expected. How then does the author show Ellen's realization of the importance of birth in the experience of man? By witnessing this process in her immediate environment--sometimes in her own family, at other times in her neighbor's family. By this means, Elizabeth Roberts is able to show Ellen's individuating experience in relation to birth, a vital factor in environment.

At the age of fourteen Ellen Chesser was a precocious child. She had already developed to some extent mentally and emotionally so that she was beginning to realize value in her experience. The first elemental process that came to Ellen's attention was that of birth. When she was a small youngster she was present at the birth of Esther Stikes, a neighbor, as

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At the age of fourteen Ellen Chesser was a precocious child. She had already developed to some extent mentally and emotionally so that she was beginning to realize value in her experience. The first elemental process that came to Ellen's attention was that of birth. When she was a small youngster she was present at the birth of Esther Stiles, a neighbor, as

she lay in bed, contorted by labor pains. Then, while her mother assisted with the delivery, Ellen, with Irene Stikes, stood in the doorway, badly frightened, and watched the entire procedure. She shuddered at the screams of Eva and was repulsed by the ugliness of the whole scene. It was not until several years later that this recognition of birth, which had left an indelible imprint on the child's mind, was brought to the surface of Ellen's consciousness for consideration. Then her recognition of, or mere acquaintance with, the process of birth was converted to a realization of the importance of this basic function.

It was shortly after Ellen's family had moved to Hep Bodine's farm that she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Artie Pinkston, a neighbor-woman who often walked past their cabin. In her initial conversation Mrs. Pinkston asked Ellen how many children were in her family--a natural question with country people. Ellen replied that just her mother and father and she made up the family.

Then Ellen recalled that other children had been born into her family but had not lived long, and she added, "But we got six dead before I came, when we used to be a-liven in Taylor County and in Green. One was right puny and died three years old, and two taken fever and died. Then Mammy had Harp and Corie and they died. I don't recollect what they died with, and Davie died when he was three months old."*

*VIII--The Time of Man
(VIII, 26)

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pity for Davie swept through her body as Ellen figured out that he would have been sixteen now if he had lived.

As she watched Artie Pinkston, large with child, pass through the lane, she lay on the ground, meditating about the process of birth. It seemed to her that somewhere, far off, she could hear crying, "some undetermined crying, sharp and full of pain, but too far away to touch pity, the mere outline of a cry duplicated without feeling on the hot air. Then her closed eyes began to see people walking quickly up stone steps, some of them turning out of a paved way with little skipping motions, and the scene tilted, wavered and grew dim and then came back larger and clearer in color before it went into nothingness. Then out of nothing she came into a quick and complete knowledge of the end. You breathe and breathe, on and on, and then you do not breathe any more. For you forever. Forever. It goes out, everything goes, and you are nothing. The world is all there, on and on, but you are not there, you, Ellen."

In her reflective thinking Ellen had leaped from birth to death and realized the importance of these processes as the beginning and end of the life-cycle. She also caught a glimpse of the eternality and infinity of life, which is not dependent upon any one person for its activity. She knew that although she would some day die life in its larger sense would continue forever.

(VIII, 27)

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In July Ellen appraised Artie Pinkston coldly, listening to her speech with the knowledge of the woman's pregnancy in her mind. She saw only ugliness as she surveyed the woman's figure, and she felt an inner contempt that the woman should have allowed herself to become pregnant, for Ellen "knew all the externals of child-getting," and she "hated the woman for the pain she was going to have."

As this emotional impulse was associated with a similar reaction in her past, she recalled the time that Eva Stikes had given birth to Esther and she, as a young child, had witnessed the frightening event.

"Memory played up a monstrous picture in her mind although she shook back her head and tried to efface it. Eva Stikes in labor with Esther. Irene scared, running out of the shanty. The two of them, she and Irene, scared, standing about the door. Her mother calling to Tessie:

"'Eva Stikes is a-bawlen. Get the water hot whilst I see what's to do.'

"'Oh, people are ugly and everything is ugly,' Ellen muttered, remembering. 'Brown ground ugly and yesterday ugly and all the things people do--eaten and a-walken and a-haven things to keep. Terrible, it is. Ugly. Hard to do. Everything ugly. Eva Stikes a-screamen and a-pullen on the bedpost and Mammy a-sayen do this and do that. Irene a-screamen and a-holden onto me and a-getten sick enough to throw up, and Eva

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a-sayen, "Kill me, somebody, knock me in the head with the axe, oh, for the love of God somebody kill me!" and it goes on all day in the shanty. Yesterday ugly and everything ugly, all the way back to the first, as far as you can recollect, ground, sun, things to eat, cooken, things to keep, wanted things, backward as far as you can recollect. And then a little cryen, a thin cryen, and Tessie is a-washen a baby by the cookstove, and everybody is a-smilen, glad it's all over and glad about the little new baby that's so pink and clean, little hands and little feet."

As Ellen reviewed this scene which had formerly frightened her, she associated it with all the things that people do and want in a lifetime and concluded that they had the characteristic of ugliness in common. This was life as it really was--and it was all ugly and hard, she thought. Then she remembered the happiness of the people when the baby was born--a pretty baby to see. The emotional conflict within Ellen was resolved as the ugliness and pain of birth gave place to beauty and joy. She began to see birth as a realist, relinquishing her aversion toward Mrs. Pinkston. Ellen was happy to see Eva Stikes's baby born in good health. She felt that it was necessary for the quality of the birth to be excellent, since birth is the starting-point of man's experience. In this way, Ellen's individuation made her sensitive to the meaning of birth as a creative process not as a mere event. In addition,

(VIII, 37)

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it restored Ellen to a harmonious state of mind after an interval of conflict with her environment.

B. Adolescence

Adolescence, the second stage in the life-cycle of man, marks the first important physiological change in the growth of a child. Few authors ever attempt to describe the adolescent changes of a girl-character because it requires the utmost degree of delicacy, sensitiveness, and acumen to portray the total effect of this metering process on the mind and body of the girl. But Elizabeth Roberts dares to attempt this difficult task and succeeds. Her unphilibited manner of expression, her frankness in speaking of the changes taking place in Ellen Chesner's physique, is softened by artistic refinement. The scenes in which Ellen is described as an adolescent girl emphasize the fact that Elizabeth Roberts is an experiential realist, portraying life as it is, but never prostituting her art by vulgarity.

It is interesting to observe in the author's treatment of Ellen's adolescent development her skill in rhythmic insinuation. Notice how carefully she suggests the changes Ellen is about to undergo by inserting a hint here and there until she directly mentions the subject. For example, on page twelve she writes, "A pain lay in her chest, under her breast, extending something impending. There was something to do, something to

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(VII, 12, 14, 18, 40)

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happen." On page fourteen she adds, "A hunger pulled at her inner part in spite of the strawberries and the two green apples, and this hunger she could not separate from the pain that lay under her breath." Here, Ellen is beginning to sense the difference between the two kinds of pain, but she is still ignorant of the cause. Then, on page nineteen, while Ellen listens to Hep Bodine tell her father that she can weed the garden she feels pain that is identified for the first time with her adolescent change. "Inside the cabin Ellen stood listening while her immediate future was being arranged, little darts of pain shooting out from the inner recesses of abdomen and chest, anger making a fever in her blood."

But it is not until page forty that the author gives specific evidence of what she has been intimating. Here, she writes, "Before autumn Ellen was fifteen. During the summer there had always been food and she had grown less thin. Her bones had withdrawn under the flesh and her eyes were no longer hollow. Signs of woman began to appear on her meager body; woman took possession of her although she was hard like spines and sharp like flint. She dared not unrobe herself in the house before the eyes of her mother. She thought that with the change of one or two externals everything might change--a room to sleep in where there would be pink and blue, herself reading a book by the window." Ellen expresses in this passage the self-consciousness, curiosity, and embarrassment typical of an adolescent girl (VIII, 12, 14, 19, 40)

with a sensitive nature like hers. Then, realizing that she was no longer a child but a woman, she began to think about the prestige of her new position and to dream about the beautiful room she would like for herself.

Not only was Ellen developing physically but also emotionally. One day when Ellen accidentally walked into a tree, her breast coming in contact with the sturdy trunk, she was reminded of the time that a fellow on the road had caught her behind a wagon and had hugged her close. "She had hated him and despised his whisky and dirt smells, but a slim thread like a thin silver serpent had rushed through her flesh, straight through her trunk, when Screw held her." This physical sensation which Ellen experienced at this time was indicative of her growing up."

Sometime later, in April, when Ellen went to the creek to gather brush, she met Joe Trent, the son of a neighboring farmer, who had just come home from college. As he talked to her about spring and other general topics, his eyes shining brightly, Ellen felt "a new kind of smile come to her mouth and a new look come into her eyes."

On another day when they met there again and had chatted a while, Ellen felt "strange before her altered self," as she watched him go. "She bent her hat low against her cheeks to hide her strange eyes...."

Ellen's interest in Joe Trent deepened into adolescent (VIII, 35, 59,)

love. "She would remember his shining eyes all day, and the accompaniment of the memory spread a gentleness over the ugly doorway, over the ladder, over the rough floors. She often felt the smile come to her mouth, always when she remembered any of his phrases." ...

"Joe Trent's eyes were full of gentle looks, but they could draw down into little tubes of looks that went into her dress, under her skin, into her blood. They looked at her blood running under her skin. His gentle looks spread through the cabin, lying over all things she saw as she laid the bare table...."

Hungry for human affection, Ellen ignored the nicknames like "Louse Patch" which Joe gave her. Thinking that Joe loved her, she began to consider herself a lovely, even beautiful, creature. At one time in June Ellen was almost tempted to accept Joe's invitation to take a walk to the thicket in the head of the valley, but, after serious consideration, she avoided going to the creek ravine when she knew Joe would be there. All summer she stayed out of Joe's sight, and gradually his name went out of her being until she could hear it mentioned without responding emotionally.

When Joe Trent returned to college in the fall, Ellen's first and only adolescent love had flourished and died, but she was not one bit sad nor regretful. Her brief association with Joe had helped her to develop emotionally during a period (VIII, 60, 62)

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when her physique yearned for love and friendship. The knowledge that she was loved by Joe Trent made her conscious of herself as a lovely being in contrast to her former conviction that she was ugly.

Ellen showed signs of maturing mentally and emotionally when, as the result of much inner turmoil, she made her decision not to go with Joe for a walk to the thicket and resolved not to see him again. This was Ellen's first real emotional conflict, but by means of her process of individuation, she arrived at a satisfactory solution to the problem. She knew what Joe's intentions were and that he did not really want her for a life-long friend. It was not easy for a girl of her age to give up so quickly someone that she loved, but she was firm in her stand. For weeks the mention of Joe's name had brought "a first flush of warmth to her mind and a gentle flow of momentary joy to all her members;" yet, she was able to dismiss him soon from her consciousness as if she had never known him. There was no bitterness in her heart--only oblivion. Her individuation had converted her temporary loss of ~~of~~ integration with her environment into recovery of union with it.

This aroused Ellen to the realization of what was expected of her. The manner in which this manifestation of Ellen's awakening thought is treated reveals the author's understanding of psychology. No one could read the following passage without grasping the complexity of Ellen's mental and emotional process.

(VIII, 69)

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c. Mating

Because the boys and girls in southern folk-communities mature early, it is customary for them to marry when they are very young. Their parents expect them to find a mate as soon as they arrive at puberty not only to satisfy public opinion in the community but to relieve the economic situation in the family. For, when a boy or girl leaves his home to marry, it means that there is one less mouth to feed, one less body to clothe and house. Therefore, the pressure of outside influence, re-enforced as it is by the personal desire of the youths for physical satisfaction, makes it expedient for them to marry at an early age. Elizabeth Roberts, versed in the folk-ways of these native Kentuckians, makes evident their anxiety about finding a mate, their familiarity with the members of the opposite sex, and their loose moral code.

When Ellen was a young woman of eighteen, Nellie, her mother, expressed her uneasiness that Ellen had no admirer. This aroused Ellen to the realization of what was expected of her. The manner in which this manifestation of Ellen's awakening thought is treated reveals the author's understanding of psychology. No one could read the following passage without grasping the complexity of Ellen's mental and emotional per-

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turbation, or, incidentally, noticing Miss Roberts' skillful use of rhythm.

"In the night sometimes lonely horsehoofs went galloping along the beaten mold of the pasture road, thumping on the frozen dirt. The sound would waken her with a thrill of pleasure, a joy at being awakened for any purpose, at feeling herself suddenly alive again. Into the joy would come a sadness at the lonely throb of the horse's feet that were going, the unspeakable loneliness that settled down on the road and the yard, on the cabin, on her own body, as the pulse of the hoofs beat dimmer on her ears and faded farther and farther away. Her mother's words would call out in the lonely stillness of her mind.

'Where's the fellows that ought to be a-comen?' She had been brushing her hair before the kitchen mirror, looking into her own clear eyes. 'What fellows?' she had said, dreaming over her hair. 'A big grown girl, nigh to eighteen and no fellows a-comen!' She had been lifting a lock of her hair, making it lie in different ways, searching out the ways of hair. The taunt had come upon her unprepared and now the words would probe the still dark after the passer was gone. A hard cry snarled into the dark. 'Where's the fellows that ought to be a-comen?'

"She had not been thinking of them as fellows, fellows that should have come. The house had grown very flat and still afterward, and objects had sunk into each other. All the rest of the day she had spoken in a stifled voice, scarcely heard.

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It was expected of her, something undefined and expected, she would think, abashed, something stated boldly through the words of a hard voice. 'A big girl eighteen and no fellows....' All day, all week a great still cry had gone out of her. Unjust become just become unjust, confusion and hard hands laid on her throat. She came timidly into the house and went silently about her labors."

Ellen's peace of mind returned to her in the spring when she grew bolder again, forgetting the taunts of her mother, as she listened at night to the rich harmonies that came from a guitar in the glen. It was in October of that same year that Dorine Wheatley, a young girl who had just moved to MacMurtrie's tenant house, invited Ellen to her home for a party. Ellen was so excited that she did not take time to eat her supper, but hurried off to Dorine's. This marked the beginning of a pleasant social time for Ellen, as she met many young people there with whom she soon became good friends. Ellen noticed which girls were chosen for partners in the dance, and she could tell which ones were in love by the teasing remarks of their friends. She heard Erastus say, "Eli and Rosie, now that's a match. I seen the minute they commenced to spark each other."

"Eli and Rosie, they already promised to name their first after me," Tim said. Rosie blushed at this comment and could only say, "You go on!"

(VIII, 105, 118)

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It was not long after this that Eli and Rosie were married and moved away. Then Elmer and Dorine went to town one day and returned married. A little while later, Erastus married Maggie, and they went to live with the O'Shays. Ellen felt that she was being left behind as her friends married and moved away, one couple after the other. But soon Jonas Prather began to pay his attentions to Ellen, and one day when she was carrying the bundles of wheat to Jonas to be stacked, he "took them from her with merry words and quick hands, his eyes on her laughing eyes and moist face, and once, behind two upheld sheaves, he kissed her as they met in the stubble. He laid one hand behind her neck and drew her forward quickly to kiss her mouth."

Jonas visited Ellen regularly during the winter, spending many long evenings at her fireside. One evening after Henry and Nellie had retired, Jonas moved Henry's chair back and hitched his own nearer to Ellen's chair, looking at her with amused eyes, and they talked for a little while, not caring what they said as long as they could hear the pleasing voice of the other. "Then Jonas moved his chair until it stood against hers and he began to touch her face with his fingers and to kiss her and to look at her throat. He put his arm about her shoulder and thus they sat for a long while." They listened to the sounds of hoofs on the road and heard Mr. Dick come home, swinging the barn door shut with a bang. Then Jonas (VIII, 131, 176)

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proposed to Ellen. He settled his shoulder a little nearer and whispered: 'We'll get married.'

"Jonas trailed his hand over the outlines of her arm, over her shoulder and over her breast, looking at her with his fingers and with his eyes.

"'We'll get married,' he said. And then he added, 'I look for winter to break.'

"'I look for spring,' Ellen said.

"'Soon now. Afore you know.'

"'The spring birds up in the thicket.'

"'But the ground is froze deep.'

"'But it'll come, spring will,' she said, her hands on his throat and on his shoulder. 'Thawen time and then spring.'"

This was the quiet way in which Jonas offered his hand in marriage and Ellen accepted. Each felt the other's love without the necessity of speaking about it. Ellen cherished the evening of Jonas' courtship and recalled it frequently during the week. "Ellen moved through these days in a hush of expectancy, finding small tasks, mending a garment or searching out a ribbon, preparing for the thaw and tending the flame of her own beauty. ... The ice would rot away altogether and the earth become pliable, and her reverie grew intense, remembering each moment of the night when Jonas had stayed long with her, distilling each moment of its sweeter fruit. Jonas would come (VIII, 177)

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each moment of the night when Jonas had stayed long with her,

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(VIII, 127)

again; there would be another night; it would be as if they had not spent the interval apart."

But Ellen's love for Jonas never was consummated. With the arrival of spring, Jonas told Ellen that he had accepted a job toward Cornishville, about twenty miles away. His leave-taking was a sad occasion, alleviated partially by his profession of love for Ellen and his promise that he would return soon to marry her. Months later when Ellen learned that Jonas had forgotten his promise and had married Sally Lou, she was greatly shocked. The details of this tragedy will be given in the section of the life-pattern entitled "Integrative Individuation" to illustrate how Ellen's process of individuation restored harmony in her experience.

In December the Chessers moved beyond St. Lucy's where Henry had rented a farm called Orkeys place. It was a small farm of about twenty-five acres, but here Henry was a renting tenant and full proprietor for the time. Ellen soon became acquainted with Jasper Kent, a young man who worked for Mrs. Wingate, the nearest neighbor. Jasper, feeling that he could not safely leave any money in his room because he could not trust the Wingates, asked Ellen to keep his money for him until he should ask for it. He often handed her a few dollars which he had made from the sale of livestock, and she carefully locked them in a little trunk in her room. When Henry broke his leg in May, Jasper plowed the fields for him after he had done this (VIII, 180)

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work. Ellen liked to listen to Henry and Jasper as they discussed the right time for planting crops and similar topics of interest to farmers. that healed her broken heart after Jonas

Prather Not long after Henry's accident, Ellen realized that she was in love with Jasper when she walked across the fields to see him. "As he drew near a smile brightened his face and a look passed between them, growing from tenderness to intimacy until she was merged with him in the deep moments of his last approaching steps. Then she was standing beside him, within his arms, and he began to kiss her and to lead her along the field's rise toward some thorn trees and off again beside the downward path or back to the summit of the brow. He would come that night and tell her the story of his life and then, if she was of a mind to have him, they would get married."

Jasper came that night as he had said he would do and related his life-story. "When he was gone she went into the house, moving dreamily through the moonlit rooms. ... She fell asleep with no formed wish in her mind and no decision," but in the morning when she heard a catbird singing, "she knew at that instant that she would marry Jasper and go with him wherever he went, and her happiness made a mist that floated about her body....."

Because Ellen could distill harmony from her experience, she was able to forgive and forget Jonas Prather, mend her broken heart, and accept Jasper's proffer of love without (VIII, 263, 267)

any mental reservations. It was Ellen's process of individuation that showed her the foolishness of continuing her friendship with Joe Trent, that healed her broken heart after Jonas Prather had jilted her, and revealed to her the possibility of a happy marriage with Jasper Kent. Thus Ellen's present experience--or, as Dewey would say, her interaction with her environment--was being enriched and developed as a result of the value she had assimilated from her past experience.

they accepted with resignation their role of motherhood. Elizabeth Roberts has drawn a vivid picture of the unfortunate plight of these folk-women, who, by the very nature of their productive function, expressed an earthy kind of realism.

In the folk-way of living, where continence is the exception, women age quickly from the strain of bearing too many children in a short time. Once, Ellen asked her mother, "Mum, what made your teeth go raggy and all come out on your head?" and her mother retorted, "Do you reckon you could have seven brats inside twelve year and have a tooth left to your name?"

Notice the realistic--almost cynical--tone expressed in the gossip overheard by Ellen at a fish-supper party:

..... "When they say, 'Come see the bride,' I always say, 'I'd rather see her in ten year. I'll wait my time,' I say,"
 "Yes, teeth all gone. Back crooked."
 "I say I'd rather see her in ten year."

(VIII, 48, 147)

d. Reproduction

Reproduction is the natural result of mating, and, therefore, is the next stage in the life-cycle to be considered. The women in the folk-pattern of The Time of Man knew that their primary function in marriage was to produce offspring. Hence, they accepted with resignation their role of motherhood. Elizabeth Roberts has drawn a vivid picture of the unfortunate plight of these folk-women, who, by the very nature of their procreative function, expressed an earthy kind of realism.

In the folk-way of living, where continence is the exception, women age quickly from the strain of bearing too many children in a short time. Once, Ellen asked her mother, "Mammy, what made your teeth go snaggly and all come outen your head?" And her mother retorted, "Do you reckon you could have seven brats inside twelve year and have e'er a tooth left to your name?"

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(VIII, 147)
(VIII, 42, 147)

As Ellen sat near the fire, unnoticed by the women who smoked their pipes and chewed dip sticks, she listened to their homely philosophy. One of them was recalling to the group the picture of Lenie May, a beautiful bride several years before.

"I seen Lenie May last summer. Three a-cryen around her feet and the least one in arms, hardly got hit's eyes open. And Lenie dragged out as thin as a fence rail, her cheeks hollow and her eyes, oh, my Lord!"

"That's what the gals want, fast as they can. Can't wait to get in Lenie's shoes."

"For all Lenie's got one man's as good as the next one."

"Under their shirts they're all just alike, as I see."

"In the dark you couldn't tell one from e'er other one."

"But the gals, they can't wait to get in Lenie's fix, fast as they can. Three a-cryen under foot and one in arms. And Lenie dragged out till she looks like a buzzard. . . ."

When Ellen sat in church on Sundays waiting for the service to begin, she could catch phrases from the women clustered at the back of the room. Usually their conversation centered about one subject--that one which was always uppermost in their minds--pregnancy.

(VIII, 147)

"Their voices came to the doorway mingled with the strange odors of the pews and the echoes that lay over each sound--crooning voices, falling into rumblings and dying away, brooding voices. They would sit in clusters waiting, and their words, 'Joce is expecten another.' ... 'So soon?' ... Quiet voices like the low crooning of birds, such as pigeons in flocks 'So soon?' ... 'This makes six, don't it?' ... 'Five only ... but five, that's a houseful.... And two dead.' ... Pigeons in flocks crooning. 'Two dead. ... So soon!' ... 'Dell is expecten . . . ' 'Dell?' ... 'They say....She put off a right smart while but I knowed her time'd come.' ... 'I'm right glad. She's no different from the rest.' ... 'No, let her have her hard time like the balance.' ... 'So soon!!' ... 'Poor Dell, she was taken bad, they say....Miss Min was sent for finally....They say Tom was up all night a-doen for her....But what does a man know?' ... 'Poor Dell, she'll see sights afore she's done....Afore she's done.'"

From such conversations as these Ellen learned the attitude of the women in regard to reproduction and its attendant pain and misery. But this knowledge did not deter Ellen from marrying Jasper Kent and having children of her own. In fact, she had not been married to Jasper a year when her first child arrived--a boy whom she named Henry after her father. Five other children were born to Ellen in rapid succession, but the youngest died. Jasper let Ellen know how proud he was of his

(VIII, 132)

little family when he was getting ready to move them back to Joe Phillips' place. "'I got to get my youngones packed and off,' Jasper said. 'Five youngones I got, all told, Hen the oldest, and then Nan, she's next, then Joe, then Ellie and then Dick, the least one. Five brats, I got. A house plumb full.'" Prince Charlie, the Little Corporal, the Black Prince,

Like all other women married to southern sharecroppers, Ellen passively accepted the fact that her chief duty was to bear children--as many and as often as possible. She loved and enjoyed caring for her first three children, but when she was at Goddard's farm she was unhappy as she waited "for another child to come, a child she did not want." During this period Ellen began to realize the significance of reproduction to the human race. "One day she saw the children, the three born and the one unborn, as men and women, as they would be, and more beside them, all standing about the cabin door until they darkened the path with their shadows, all asking beyond what she had to give, always demanding, always wanting more of her and more of them always wanting to be. She took up the bucket and went down the hill to the spring, walking quickly as if she were pursued. 'Out of me come people forever, forever,' she said as she went down the hill-path."

In this vision Ellen saw not only the birth of her own children but of a numberless group representing the "children of the earth." They were not pictured against her own (VIII, 325, 321)

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Kentucky locale but against the background of world civilizations. She saw the endless procession of these people of "the time of man" as a part of human culture. As the spider explained to Jeremy in Jingling in the Wind, they were "all in the pattern, man-flesh, woman-flesh, time unwinding in spirals, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Little Corporal, the Black Prince, Prince Hal, the Commoner, the Rain Bat ..."; and the names of Ellen Chesser Kent and her children could be added to this list of people. Ellen perceived her importance as a link in this infinite chain of continuous life, and that through the birth of her children she was contributing to the race of man. At a time when she did not want the child she was carrying, this realization brought comfort to Ellen. Like Jeremy in Jingling in the Wind, she understood that "Birth is another strange marvel, the gift of a woman."

The basic needs of man for continuing the process of life are food, clothing, and shelter. To supply these needs man must reach out into his environment—in this way interacting with nature. In primitive groups where these needs are extremely simple, each man can supply his own wants independent of his neighbor. He can hunt and fish for his food, make his own clothing, and build his own tent. But as soon as man becomes civilized, his wants increase in complexity, and he can no longer provide for himself. An economic system is instituted which becomes a new element in man's environment. The share-

(VI, 234, 248)

e. Survival (Economic)

In Chapter I on the philosophy of experience the assertion was made that man's direct experience is "the result, the sign, and the reward" of his interaction with his environment, and that this experience is punctuated by rhythmic beats of want and fulfillment. Furthermore, the affirmation was made that experience is not a withdrawal from one's environment but is "heightened vitality." No experience could be complete without man's overcoming of resistance and conflict until he has restored a state of equilibrium with his environment. These statements give the reason for including "survival" in the life-cycle.

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croppers in Kentucky, about whom Elizabeth Roberts writes in The Time of Man, worked long hard hours for wages so small that they furnished only a meager subsistence. The struggle of these sharecroppers for economic survival--a fundamental drive of all mankind, based upon the instinctive urge for self-preservation--is ably depicted in Ellen Chessser's experience to show her process of individuation.

As the story opens, Henry Chessser is talking with a farmer after his wagon has broken down on the way. The farmer said that he would pay three dollars a day for work that week, and Henry stood beside the wagon, thinking over the offer. The farmer added, "'...I'll pay for help and I'll pay right. But the man I hire has got to work. Three dollars a day you can have. You can take it or leave it. As I say you can have three dollars and that--there house over in the place to stay in. It's a good tight house. Leaks a little, hardly to speak of.'" Henry accepted the offer after due deliberation, and so it was that they came to stay at Hep Bodine's farm for almost two years.

Ellen was paid twenty-five cents an hour for helping to plant. That first night her shoulders ached from carrying the basket all day and her feet were sore from the mud, which had eaten into the flesh. While she was working in the fields, her shoes were stolen. As Ellen lay on the quilts thinking over things to tell her friend Tessie, she began to realize the cost of living as it affected her personally. "Nine hours I worked (VIII, 2)

and made two dollars and a quarter, but shoes cost two dollars." Ellen was learning the value of money at an early age. Reflecting upon the lost shoes, she regretted that some "ordinary trash," as she called them, had stolen her shoes. She started thinking about the evil of stealing. Her conscience reminded her of the times she had taken things like eggs and chickens that didn't belong to her. This wasn't really stealing, she rationalized. It was just that she "found" things the way the Stikes children were always "finding" things and keeping them. Ellen knew what it meant to be poor and cold. It had been bitter cold even in Tennessee. Then it was that she had "found" wood to make a fire. She knew that taking the eggs and chickens had been "just plain stealing," but she excused her actions on the grounds that she had been hungry. "'But you have to eat. Your belly makes you do it,' her lips said."

Ellen then recalled the hard times that the Stikes family had suffered from lack of food. "A high thin voice and a low deep voice took turns in memory:

"'Mammy, I want to eat.'"

"'Well, go to the grub box.'"

"'There ain't e'er bite there, I been.'"

"'Well, ask Joe Stikes to feed you, he's your daddy.'"

Mr. Bodine, eager to keep a good worker like Henry, soon made him a new proposition, as he said: "I'll give you twenty dollars a month in cash money and the house rent free to
(VIII, 7, 9, 10, 17)

live in and I'll furnish you-all with your lard and side meat and wheat for flour, all at a cost figure. ... You can have all the wood you-all need to burn. Twenty dollars in cash money.'" ... 'You can have a garden patch here by the creek. Time enough to plant some truck, and I'll give a day off from farm work to let you put it in. ... '"

Henry left Hep Bodine's farm to go to work at Al Wakefield's farm in another end of the county. He thought that it was a much richer farm and that "croppen on the shares is a sight better contract." Still they were poor. The hope of improving one's position, inherent in man, was the motive behind Henry's next move. Although the patch of land at the Orkeys place was smaller, Henry felt a greater responsibility as a renting tenant and full proprietor.

This same struggle for economic security was characteristic of Ellen's married life. Jasper Kent was a hard working husband, but he could never make enough money from his farm to satisfy the wants of his family. He moved from one farm to another as Henry had done in search of better land, better wages, and better position.

At their first place, Joe Phillips' farm, Ellen and Jasper might have been able to save a little money, since the farmer was rather generous to them, but they had to spend their money for a cradle and clothing and other provisions for their baby. It was necessary for them to pay, too, for the lawyer's

(VIII, 18, 19

expenses incurred at the trial of Jasper after charges were brought against him that he had burned down the Wingate barn. Within the next year a second child was born, and more money was needed. The birth of five more children in the following years kept the little family impoverished.

Ellen suddenly knew that they must move on to another place where the land would yield more crops. She thought to herself, "The land was real and their wants were real, bread and meat and clothing, sleep and firewood, the cow to milk and the chickens to tend. The wages Jasper had were scarcely enough, but real, money to earn and to spend, over and over. It came upon her one day when Nannie was two years old that the land was more real, more hard and actual, stone for stone and soil for soil, more than it had been when she first came there. Somewhere back a way it had become so, and somewhere likewise money had become money, twenty-five cents to make a quarter, and all buying little enough."

It was soon after this realization had come to Ellen that Henry informed Mr. Phillips that he was going to another place where he could grow tobacco on a sharing plan. Jasper enjoyed his work in the rich fields of Byron Goddard's farm, but he soon learned that Goddard was slow about paying his hired men and had no regular times for paying them. Jasper could afford to bring only a small package of flour or meal or sugar from the store, scarcely enough to supply the family for (VIII, 314)

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But the money that he had had to sell for gold had come to him
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place where he could now collect in a better place. Jasper
enjoyed his work in the rich fields of cotton and corn, and
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what he wanted and no regular thing for paying them. Jasper
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any from the store, scarcely enough to supply the family for

one day. Sometimes Ellen had a few eggs to sell, but she had no plot of land on the barren hill where their shack was to have a little garden of her own. One week Jasper spent all his back pay which Goddard had owed him for a wild, unbroken horse, and that left about twenty cents in the tin can on the shelf to buy the next sugar or meal.

No wonder that Ellen was happy when Jasper returned from town one day with the news that he had met Mr. Phillips who had asked him to come back to his former place! Mr. Phillips said that he intended to plant tobacco the next year and that Jasper could have the place cropping on shares.

Mr. Phillips helped Ellen by giving her seeds and plants for her garden, and by giving Nanny a pig to raise. Ellen was soon able to save a few coins from the egg money with which she hoped to buy a sewing machine. But Ellen had to spend every cent of this money to buy blankets, medicine, and foods for Chick, her small baby.

And so it was that Ellen and Jasper, industrious and thrifty farmers, lived from hand to mouth, finding it impossible to save any money for the future. But Ellen never grumbled about their unhappy lot. Instead, she faced the grim realities of life with hope and courage, making the best of every poor circumstance and anticipating better times at each new move. As the daughter of Henry and Nellie Chesser, poor sharecroppers, Ellen had known since childhood the sadness of poverty and

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economic insecurity. She observed the tragedy of their lives as they were constantly frustrated in their attempts to make a permanent home and to adjust themselves satisfactorily to their environment. But Ellen refused to accept the same fate for herself. Although her husband was a poor sharecropper, she did not become victimized like her parents and friends by economic frustration. Instead, her process of individuation helped her to distill value from each happening, which, like a continuously flowing river, merged with the next happening to create new meaning, regardless of which farm they were living on. Ellen knew that the meaning of life was from within, and she created her own experience in spite of depressing economic conditions. Thus Ellen found beauty in life that no amount of money could have bought her.

57

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f. Taking One's Place in the Race of Man

A glance at the elements in the life-cycle shows that man's biological experience may involve only one or two people. This might induce one to suppose that man is entirely self-sufficient, independent of any social activities, but this supposition would be erroneous. Man is instinctively gregarious, and, for his experience to be normal and well-rounded, his environment must include a group of friends. Social intercourse serves to develop many facets of man's personality which family life is unable to do. Because man is essentially a social being, he needs to participate in group activities for a full expression of his body and mind. As he learns to conform to the standards of the group, he derives satisfaction from knowing that he is liked and respected by the group and that he has been accepted as one of them. At this point, he has taken his place in the race of man.

In The Time of Man Elizabeth Roberts traces the rhythmic unfoldment of Ellen's social propensity, showing how Ellen's individuation creates value from her experience. At the beginning of the book, Ellen, the only child of Henry and Nellie Chesser, was very lonely. Hep Bodine's place was miles from any neighbor-children so that Ellen had no one to play with. Her

(VIII, 36)

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been accepted as one of them. At this point, he has taken his

place in the race of man.

In The Time of Man Elizabeth Roberts traces the rhyth-

mic unfoldment of Ellen's social propensity, showing how Ellen's

individuality creates value from her experience. At the be-

ginning of the book, Ellen, the only child of Henry and Nellie

Chesser, was very lonely. Her father's place was filled from any

neighbor-children so that Ellen had no one to play with. Her

longing to see again Tessie, the gypsy-woman who had amused her with her fabricated stories as they traveled along in their wagons, impelled Ellen to run away to the little village several miles distant in search of her friend. She was disappointed at not finding Tessie there, but she felt somewhat relieved when she had entrusted a scrap of paper with her name and address on it to a woman who said she might see Tessie on the way to Parksville. Ellen watched the woman walk away from the alley until she disappeared. "One sob shook her throat and then peace came after the hours of strain. She had sent a message to Tessie. She had sent word."

Ellen's loneliness was partly forgotten as a result of her interpenetration with nature. For example, she often went into the pasture to romp with the brown colt. As she ran beside him she would scream and jeer a wild "man-animal talk." Sometimes she threw one leg over his neck and rode a little way. She understood the reason for all the actions of the colt and loved him dearly. Ellen's feeling of emptiness was further dissolved when she made the acquaintance of two neighbors, Mrs. Pinkston and Joe Trent, but it was not until she moved to Al Wakefield's farm that she began to identify herself in society.

Ellen attended her first party at Dorine Wheatley's home where she felt very awkward and ill at ease. Excerpts from this scene will serve to illustrate Elizabeth Roberts' (VIII, 56)

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Ellen attended her first party at Lorine Wheatley's home where she felt very awkward and ill at ease. Excerpts from this scene will serve to illustrate Elizabeth Roberts'

peculiar genius for delineating the complex nature of emotion when the human organism is struggling to make an adjustment to its environment. A conflict between wanting to be hidden and wanting to be known was torturing Ellen's mind.

"Ellen sat in her chair, out from the wall, conspicuous, miserable, her feet crossed under her dress, her eyes looking everywhere. She did not want to be sitting on the best chair out in the middle of the room, the chair nobody else would take because it was the best. Scarcely anyone knew her and she longed to be in a corner, but she dared not move. At the same time she longed to be known and to be liked. If the boy with the little beady eyes had said something to her she would have been happy, or if the girl with the white stockings had, although that last was far too much to hope for. ... She wished that someone would ask her to move back into a corner, or she wished that she could say something pleasant and quick and that one or two would look at her and know what she meant. She wanted everyone to like her, to take her into the dance, into the game, into the jokes, or even into the crowd that went into the other room to be out of the way of the dancers.

"'Maybe this lady would be good enough to move back.' Someone had said it and she was sitting in a corner. She sat, eager, ashamed, embarrassed, the joy of people near making her breath flutter. She heard names called and soon she had a flow of names confused in her mind, blended with running currents of

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action, looks and words. ...

"The dance ended and there was a romp. Ellen rose from her chair and went into the other room where she stopped to look about her. Mr. Jim finished a stave with a tender arpeggio on the instrument and then muted the strings with a gesture and a little upward flash of his eyes which was directed toward her as she stood just before him. Suddenly she went out of her regret for her torn shoes, out of her memory of herself, out of her lonely nights, out of her presence sitting strangely in the corner of a party.

"I can sing a song,' she said.

"The people close around grew still. Ellen was standing by the door, terrified at what her lips were saying, her body leaning a little forward from the hips. ...

"Nervous movements came over her mouth and strained at her eyes and her throat, but she took a deep breath, caught her breath twice, and began in a shy voice, smiling a little, looking at Mr. Townley, or casting down her eyes. ...

"Ellen sang with bright eyes, her low voice going to the end of the room, settling down over the hushed feet and listening faces. She had forgotten herself in her pleasure. ...

"There was a great laugh and a clapping of hands and a stamping of feet when she had finished. Mr. Townley made a great bow for her. ...

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(VIII, 112-113, 120)

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"Ellen said she would not sing again. Lady Nancy was

a long song, long enough, she said. She felt confused, wrecked, when her voice ran off the song, ran off the last word of the song. She had moved a long way from herself sitting neglected in the corner and she could not know where her place would now be. She thought the party would break in two, but Dorine came forward proudly and took her by the arm and introduced her to everybody present."

This was the manner in which Ellen made her social debut in the folk-community. She was asked to join the others in the "dance-games" and folk-songs. She felt a warmth from the intimacy of the people as she observed them--some boys without ties, Mr. Wheatley without his shoes, and many girls with dresses as dim and shoes as torn as her own. She noticed that the lovers slapped each other on the back and went out on the porch every little while for a private kiss. Hers was the free and easy give and take of the folkways. Ellen felt that she belonged to the group when Elmer slapped her on the back in his happiness. As several of them took Ellen home that evening she forgot herself in thinking about the others. "All of them were beautiful to her in their closeness, their offered friendship."

After the party at Dorine's, Ellen's friendship with these young people flourished. Dorine often came to visit Ellen, bringing her flowers picked from her garden. Rosie was always giving her something--a few teacakes or a sample of the sugar bread that she had just baked. When Elmer or Jonas passed along (VIII, 112-116, 120)

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the farm road, they would shout hello to her. Sebe Townley often came, leaning on the fence as Ellen milked the cow. Sebe Townley frequently stopped by the house to take Ellen for a ride in his buggy and to pour out his troubles to her, but Ellen rejected him because he was homely. "She withdrew from Sebe even while she smiled at his story of the indolent mule, hating his way and his look. She felt homely and degraded when she was with him for he enkindled nothing within her and thus gave her no beauty." Ellen's sensitivity to beauty denied her Sebe's companionship.

But Sunday was the best day of all, since it was their only day to take long walks together with her friends-- Jonas, Rosie, Eli, Dorine, Sebe, Maggie, Erastus. In the morning they went to the Fairhope church two by two, meeting there and chatting until the service began. After dinner, the whole troop of them would call for Ellen and start walking toward Gowan's gate or toward the churchyard, where they had fun reading the gravestones while they rested. "All together ... they would join hands and run down MacMurtrie's hill, and once Ellen read the fortunes in their palms ... Sundays were fragrant days, filled from morning until sundown with the bright dress and the flowered hat."

In the folk-pattern of Ellen's environment, the main function of the church was to provide a social center for the people. The sharecroppers had a simple faith derived principally (VIII, 127, 129)

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from nature, and they did not find the answer to their daily problems in the lengthy sermons. Therefore, many of the older people did not attend the Sunday service unless they wanted to gossip with their neighbors before and after the sermon. But the younger set found that much of their social activity revolved around the church. "Moonlight nights and there was church in Fairhope every night with quick singing to stir the breath and make the heart beat faster. All together...they would walk each night along the road, falling into pairs or flowing together, and they would sit together in the church." When Ellen moved to the Orkeys place, she sometimes went to the church at St. Lucy's with Pius and Regina and Susie Whelen, new friends she had made, thereby repeating the pattern of her previous social life.

Needless to say, the social life of the members of a folk-culture has many limitations. In The Time of Man the main sources of good fellowship were the folk-singing and folk-dancing in which the whole group participated. Someone was usually present who could keep the singing voices together with his strumming on a guitar--like Mr. Townley or Mr. Tarbell. The walks together on Sundays,--to church and through the country lanes,--and occasional parties provided meager opportunities for complete social development, but Ellen realized their importance in helping her to take her place in the race of man. (VIII, 134)

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Ellen learned the worth of real friendship when Jasper, her husband, was in trouble. The judge had set Jasper's trial--to prove whether or not he had set fire one night to MacMurtrie's barn--for the October court. One evening Jasper opened the door to three unexpected callers who had heard of his trouble. Nathan, a few years older than Jasper, said, "If you-all need any help, now, we wouldn't want, Tom and me, for you to think you lacked a friend or maybe two or three. Anything a strong man can do. Yes, we just said maybe we'd go." ... Then they were all still for a time, or someone would make a question about some casual or seemingly trivial thing, but every speech counted in their communion. Jasper was moved that he had friends who had come. Ellen saw this in his stiff voice and his silence. She saw it in his question of the way."

When Jasper figured out that these three men had traveled eighteen miles on horseback just to offer him their aid he was moved almost beyond speech by their expression of loyalty and friendship. He let them know by his queries about the road that he appreciated what they had done for him.

"They could feel Jasper's gratitude and it repaid them for the long journey they had taken. Acknowledged gratitude loosened Tom's speech so that he talked to great length of the roads, the ways to go, the short cuts one could make in a dry season. He disputed a little with Nathan as to which of two ways was shortest, but joined him heartily again in computation (VIII, 308)

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ing another distance. Their long dialogue made a solution in which Jasper's emotion could dissolve itself. When they were quiet again Jasper said:

"'I'm right proud, right proud to know you-all thought to come.'

"'We thought you might maybe need a man or so,' Tom said."

As there was nothing more to say, they soon left, and Jasper left the door open as long as he could to hear their horses going back through the pasture. Ellen perceived their human need being fulfilled through social intercourse. She knew, after this demonstration of friendship and loyalty, that Jasper and she had taken their place in the race of man. At a time when her husband was out of step with his environment, this realization brought some measure of peace to their hearts.

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g. Death

Man passes through the biological stages of birth, growth, maturity, and decline, until he reaches his ultimate phase--death, which marks the natural termination of man's experience as an organism. In The Time of Man Elizabeth Roberts displays the artistic selectivity of a skilled writer. Rather than attempting to narrate the story of Ellen Chesser from birth to death, she chose that span of Ellen's life which lay approximately between fourteen and thirty years. Thus, Ellen does not die at the end of the book but is pictured as a vigorous young mother.

How, then, does Elizabeth Roberts show Ellen's process of individuation in respect to death? In the same manner that she treated the subject of birth--by letting Ellen observe this process as an eye-witness. This gave Ellen an opportunity to experience every element in the life-cycle without any sacrifice on the author's part of her artistic design.

Ellen's first proximity to death came one night shortly after she had agreed to marry Jonas Prather. She was awakened from her sleep by the ringing of the MacMurtrie farm-bell and the baying of the Gowan hounds. She dressed quickly and accompanied Henry to the MacMurtrie's where they expected

(VIII, 133, 137, 138)

to find the house on fire. An old Negress who had been ringing the bell told them incoherently that Miss Cassie had hanged herself in the upper hall. Ellen carried the lamp upstairs for Al Wakefield, who had just arrived on the scene, and watched him try to revive Miss Cassie. This episode made a deep impression on Ellen which she could not erase from her memory for many days.

When the coroner came he questioned Ellen about the attendant circumstances of the hanging. "Did she know any reason Cassie MacMurtrie might have for hanging herself?" was one of his questions. Ellen pondered the query carefully. She had seen Scott MacMurtrie go into the barn one day and later had heard Amanda Cain's voice saying, "You took your time to come. You must 'a' come around by town." Ellen reasoned that Miss Cassie must have known about Scott's affair with Amanda, but "would that, she asked herself, be the reason for the end of life?" Then the thought of Jonas stirred her being and "she could not think why one would quit life. A great will to live surged up in her, including the entire assembly--the coroner, Squire Dorsey, Henry, Miss Tod, Mr. Al, all of them. They would all live. She was living. Only life was comprehensible and actual, present. She was herself life. It went with her wherever she went, holding its abode in her being. She was alive. The coroner waited for her answer." Ellen told him that she didn't know the cause of Miss Cassie's suicide.

(VIII, 183, 137, 184)

This tragic event served to enhance Ellen's appreciation of life and her great zest for living. Death made life seem so much more worthwhile by contrast. She could not see how anyone could commit suicide, thus robbing himself of the rich adventure of life. Ellen was deeply in love with Jonas, a factor which made life seem more beautiful and desirable. Tingling with the glowing warmth of young love, she could not accept death as a reality at this time.

Many years passed before Ellen witnessed another death. --this time it was her three-year-old baby, Chick, who had been born under unfavorable conditions. Ellen had been disturbed and unhappy during the months of her pregnancy. First, the knowledge that Jasper was meeting Hester Shuck in the evening came as a great shock to her, filling her mind and body with a sense of hardness and bitterness. The friendliness and kindness expressed to Ellen by the farmer, Joe Phillips, gave her a sense of pleasure in her own loveliness which acted as an antidote for her unhappiness. Ellen had known since May that she was pregnant, but she had kept this a secret from Jasper because of his relations with Hester.

One day Jasper became aware of "the unborn child and of the farmer's liking for her at one time and he had held the two ideas together in his mind." Angrily he told Ellen, "No brat of Joe Phillips can be borned in my house." This accusation came as a second emotional shock to Ellen, and it caused a great deal of bickering between them. Jasper even threatened (VIII, 343, 344)

to kill Joe Phillips and then run away, but Ellen knew that he was "wedded deep" and would not leave his family.

In February Ellen bore her child alone without the aid of any neighbor. She felt that she had marked the child by the way she had acted before it came, for the "child was a thin wizened creature, the skin pulled gauntly over its bony face. With its protruding skull and its wrinkled brow it looked like a dwarfed image of an old man, as Jasper would look if he lived to be a hundred years old." His curious resemblance to Jasper, however, established beyond doubt the identity of his father.

Chick was endeared to them all including Jasper who came home at noon to play with the child and sing him a song. With a curious joy Ellen watched Jasper and Chick as they laughed and played together. She worked hard in the garden to supply Chick with more food and medicine, for Chick had been sickly since his birth. He grew worse when he was three years old, being constantly distorted by spasms of pain. Each pain in Chick brought pain and misery to Ellen as she held him to her bosom in "a fervor of tenderness and kissed his sad little face."

Chick died one morning in the midst of a spasm, growing limp in Ellen's arms. Her call brought Jasper, and, as he knelt beside her chair while she held Chick, they both wept. The mutual feeling of sorrow released in the hearts of Ellen and Jasper a sympathetic understanding and love for each other. (VIII, 347, 351)

Ellen remarked, "He knowed you best, Jasper, and liked you. I see him pick up his head when you'd come. ... Always looked like you, Jasper, from the first, and look, he looks like you now. ... He knowed you best, Jasper, best of all. He knowed Hen and Nannie and Joe and Dick, but he knowed you the best and liked you first."

As she made these comments slowly, thoughtfully, between their weeping, Jasper agreed with her completely. He even saw as Ellen did that Chick looked the way he himself would look sometime when he was dead. Jasper kept offering to put the baby on the bed, but Ellen could not give him up for a while longer. She reiterated, "Hands offen him. He's my baby I had without any to lift a hand's stir for me. Stand offen him, Jasper Kent." ...

"Get back a way, Jasper Kent. I maybe marked him with the way I took on before he came. I couldn't see to help. But he's mine. He knowed you best and liked you, and I was glad for it. I was glad he liked you. But he's mine and always was. I earned him all for myself. Get back offen him, Jasper Kent."

"God knows, you're beside yourself, Ellen, and you best let me take him now, to rest you...."

"And now he looks like you. Like you some time hence."

(VIII, 352, 353)

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"God knows, you're beside yourself, Ellen, and you

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"And now he looks like you. Like you some time hence."

They wept a long time together until they were spent and quiet. After an interval of silence Jasper laid the baby on the bed until he could have a coffin made. Soon Ellen whispered to Jasper, "Never a bit of ease outen the earth he had, in all his enduren life. Knowed you best and liked you first." These two sentences summed up Ellen's returning peace after much weeping. She was pleased to think that the child whose coming had produced a rift between Jasper and herself was instrumental in re-uniting them. Chick's fondness for his father seemed to confirm the fact that he was truly Jasper's offspring. Ellen deplored the loss of her son, but she was somewhat comforted by the thought that his suffering had ended.

Three years later, Ellen's father became ill and announced that he wanted to die--to leave St. Lucy before he took root in that poor place. He had chosen his course, and nothing could alter his plan. Ellen and her mother waited for him to die, "distraught by the universal feeling which one has for the dying; pain, vexation, weariness, sorrow." Henry's passing on was the natural result of his maturing process. Although Ellen mourned his loss, she was not surprised by the event since Henry had warned her of his impending death. But Chick's death, in contrast to Henry's, had assumed a different aspect because it was not ~~nright~~ for one so young to die. Ellen believed that she had marked the baby during his pre-natal months, and, consequently, she felt a great responsibility (VIII, 353)

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for his welfare. Impelled by her profound mother-love for Chick, she had watched his condition solicitously, hoping that he would recover from his illness. Thus, his death, cutting into the very fiber of her soul, made a violent impact on her whole neurological system. But, by distilling value from the tragic experience, she was healed of her grief.

Integrative individualism denotes the achievement of value through the harmonizing of the emotion, intellect, and will in man. This is the great accomplishment of the modern process of individuation. In the classical period, the epic novelist emphasized the rational experience of man, focusing on reason instead of feeling. In fact, rational idealization was one of the significant achievements of classical thinking. In the romantic period which followed, the epic writer discarded the classical stress on reason and turned whole-hearted to the emotional experience of man. Elizabeth Roberts is superior to the traditional novelist in her process of individuation for she assumed the modern, the psychological, approach to man's experience. She discerned that experience which is either wholly emotional or wholly rational is not only incomplete but distorted. Therefore, she integrated the rational and emotional experience of man in her epic novels.

The term "integrative individualism" is actually an ideal which few people ever achieve. Ellen Glasgow's limited environment deprived her of social penetration and, as a result,

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2. The Life-Pattern

a. Integrative Individuation

Integrative individuation denotes the achievement of value through the harmonizing of the emotion, intellect, and will in man. This is the great accomplishment of the modern process of individuation. In the classical period, the epic novelist emphasized the rational experience of man, focusing on reason instead of feeling. In fact, rational idealization was one of the significant achievements of classical thinking. In the romantic period which followed, the epic writer discarded the classical stress on reason and turned whole-heartedly to the emotional experience of man. Elizabeth Roberts is superior to the traditional novelists in her process of individuation for she assumed the modern, the psychological, approach to man's experience. She discerned that experience which is either wholly emotional or wholly rational is not only incomplete but distorted. Therefore, she integrated the rational and emotional experience of man in her epic novels.

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ideal which few people ever achieve. Ellen Chesler's limited environment deprived her of social penetration and, as a result,

prevented her from reaching a total integration of experience. However, in her influence on her immediate family, Ellen came very close to attaining a complete fusion of emotional and rational individuation. Ellen's development in the process of individuation will be shown in the ensuing survey of the changes that she underwent in her process of achieving excellence.

In the opening paragraph of The Time of Man, Elizabeth Roberts gives the keynote to her artistic focus. Ellen was sitting beside her mother in the wagon which had just broken down en route. "Ellen wrote her name in the air with her finger, Ellen Chesser, leaning forward and writing on the horizontal plane. . . . 'If I had all the money there is in the world,' Ellen said slowly, 'I'd go along in a big red wagon and I wouldn't care if it taken twenty horses to pull it along. Such a wagon as would never break down.' She wrote her name again in the horizontal of the air." Ellen discovered here the right to her own individuation--a fundamental principle in the modern psychology of realization--and, with this motif, her experience in the story begins.

At Hep Bodine's farm Ellen realized that she was poor but not "white trash." She made this distinction several times during this brief period, realizing the difference between other people and herself. Her process of individuation taught her that economic tragedy is not necessarily the same for everyone. When Ellen lost her shoes, she said regretfully, "If only some
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o'nary trash hadn't stole my shoes," showing, by inference, that she did not consider herself trash. Ellen felt a strong antagonism toward the Bodine family and their possessions, assured that she was their equal if not their superior in her artistic sensitivity to beauty. Once after she had watched them leave for church, she secretly expressed her aversion for them. "'Hep Bodine's got a poor trash sort of house,' she said. She stuck out her tongue at the yellow wall and made three ugly faces at the bare prim lawn. She laughed a long laugh at Hep Bodine, and when she had finished she laughed another long ugly laugh at Hep Bodine's wife." Although Hep Bodine's house was much better than Ellen's dilapidated cabin, she had caught glimpses of lovely homes while traveling from one farm to another, and, by comparison, thought his house very ugly. She also laughed at them because they believed they were superior to everyone else.

One June morning Ellen felt the leaves and stems of the tomato vines cut into her flesh as she walked through them, and she exclaimed, "You sting my skin. You think I'm trash. You lied, you lied, you lied!" Ellen refused to accept "trash" as her appellation. Several years later, at Al Wakefield's farm, Ellen was still denying to herself the possibility that she could be considered trash. "She crossed the creek on a sandy bar, murmuring a little to herself as she went. 'You're spiderwort. You're tansy. I know you. I'm as good as you. (VIII, 9, 11)

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I'm no trash. I got no lice on me.'" *A Great That was done*

It has previously been mentioned that Ellen was a precocious child, already developed to some extent mentally and emotionally as well as physically. Hence, her process of individuation began when she was quite young. Her realization of the meaning of birth and of the other elemental drives of man was discussed in the previous section in relation to Ellen's life-cycle. To avoid repetition these basic functions will be referred to again only when necessary as a basis for introducing new details in Ellen's experience which illustrate her development in the process of individuation.

During Ellen's adolescent period her fondness for Joe Trent increased her romantic individuation. She found happiness in thinking about Joe as someone she might know all her life, and she entertained visions of herself dressed in something beautiful and living in luxury for the rest of her life. Sitting in a patch of white clover, she thought, "It's pretty stuff, clover a-grown. And in myself I know I'm lovely. I'm Ellen Chesser and I'm lovely." That evening the same feeling of herself as being lovely entered her consciousness. "The well-being of sleep stole over her limbs and she could see white clovers in a pattern, designed against dark threads of cloth. 'I'm lovely now,' this well-being said. 'It's unknown how lovely I am. It runs up through my sides and into my shoulders, warm, and ne'er thing else is any matter. I saw (VIII, 24, 91, 65)

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some mountains standen up in a dream, a dream that went down Tennessee. I will tell somebody what I saw. It's unknown how lovely I am, unknown."

This feeling of loveliness was soon thwarted by her frequent recollection of the time Joe Trent had commented, "Lousy Brat! I'd be afraid to touch your lousy rags." This remark confused her as she contemplated Joe's invitation to take a walk in the thicket. "Then she gave back the whole thought to her mind to play over. She shrank from nothing. Why not go? Soft white skin. Hands that were stronger than her own and softer to touch. Why not? Why was she always there? Nobody to see but Artie Pinkston and her youngones. Her blood leaped before her up the canyon. But her feet kept among the littered grass...."

After that Ellen was ashamed of Joe's beckoning motion from behind a tree, and she avoided him, realizing that she could never have him for a life-long friend. Ellen's love for Joe Trent, being of an adolescent nature, faded away at the end of several weeks without any sadness or regret on Ellen's part. This event fitted into the pattern of Ellen's emotional development.

At Al Wakefield's farm Ellen was helping her father in the field by piling stones outside the plant bed. The rocks were mouldy and covered with moss, for this was a virgin hill. "No plow iron ever cut this-here hill afore, not in the whole
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time of man,' Henry said. 'The time of man,' as a saying, fell over and over in Ellen's mind. The strange men that lived here and before our men, a strange race doing things in strange ways, and other men before them, and before again. Strange feet walking on a hillside for some purpose she could never think. Wondering and wondering she laid stones on her altar." Ellen began to see the pattern of generations of people and to realize that she was a part of this infinite plan of life. A short time after that, she was thinking of the phrase "in the time of man" while gathering stones. "All at once she lifted her body and flung up her head to the great sky that reached over the hills and shouted:

"'Here I am!'"

"She waited listening.

"'I'm Ellen Chesser! I'm here!'"

Ellen, being inherently artistic, was sensitive to beauty. In her interaction with her environment, Ellen's thoughts swung rhythmically like a pendulum between ugliness and beauty. She was feeling depressed one day by the stained wall-paper and the smudged window panes of her room. The world looked ugly to her. "Ellen turned about in the morning glare, bending her neck to look at herself, stepping about to search out the ways of her movements.

"'I'm ugly,' she said, 'and I might as well know it and remember. My hands are big and coarse and my skin is browned (VIII, 79, 81)

and redded in the wind. My eyes are slow and big, always a-looken at everything in the world and always expecten to see something more. (Ellen recognized her penchant for inquiry and investigation--a part of the individuating process.) My face looks like the ground and my back looks like ground with my old cloak pulled over it. I'm ugly. My hands, they're ugly and my feet have got on big old shoes. My feet are like roots of trees. I look like a board and I look like a rough old pond in a pig pasture. I'll remember. I'm ugly. Ugly. ... "

She continued to condemn her ugliness until she went out into the pasture to cut greens for dinner. There she found restoration of her harmony through direct contact with nature. "A great load was gone from her body. She went lightly from place to place to search out the green herbs as they grew among the grass. No matter about her hands or her searching eyes or her heavy-shod feet. They did not have to be any other way. It was pleasant to bound lightly from place to place in cool green stuff and find out tender young green bits to cook for dinner. The sun and the ground and the herbs to eat, the herbs cut and dropped into her basket, to spring from one tuft to another on light-going arms and feet--that was a good way to be."

On another occasion Ellen, sitting on her cot, was too unhappy to undress. "The perpetual sadness of youth had flowed (VIII, 83)

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On another occasion Ellen, sitting on her cot, was too
unhappy to undress. "The perpetual sadness of youth had flowed

upward to engulf her. She was unable to gather her sense of it into a thought." Ellen asked herself why she was there and what was the purpose of living anyway. She reviewed the monotonous tasks of her mother and father, seeing only the endless repetition of wanting things and having things that goes on and on without ever ending. Life seemed meaningless and futile to Ellen, and she began to think of herself as being old and done with living. All evening she pondered the reason for living until sleep overtook her. "Thus until sleep, the comforter spoke, running gentle hands down her tired nerves and sad thought. 'It's no known how lovely I am. I'm a-liven. My heart beats on and on and my skin laps around me and my blood runs up and down, shut in me. It's unknown how lovely.'" . . .

This zest for living was further accentuated by Ellen's finding the gravestone of Judge Gowan in an old churchyard. He had been a prominent man in town with considerable money. But Ellen realized the importance of being alive as she contrasted her position with that of the deceased judge. "He's Judge Gowan in court, a-sitten big, but I'm better'n he is. I'm a-liven and he's dead. I'm better. I'm Ellen Chesser and I'm a-liven and you're Judge James Bartholomew Gowan, but all the same I'm better. I'm a-liven."

Human nature is never static but is always in a state of flux. This fact is made patent in Ellen's first great emotional experience--her love for Jonas Prather. In this tragic (VIII, 89, 94)

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Human nature is never static but is always in a state of flux. This fact is made patent in Ellen's first emotional experience--her love for James Prather. In this tragic

romance Elizabeth Roberts has excelled in expressing the psychology of the human mind when undergoing an intense emotional conflict. Her keen insight into the mental processes of Ellen, the experiential realist who struggles to recover harmony with her environment, deserves much praise. In this emotional upheaval, the description of Ellen's vacillation between one plan of action and then another is expertly executed. When Ellen learned from her friends that Jonas was back in town and was seen with Sallie Lou, she commented that Sallie Lou must be a pretty girl by now, and she touched Jonas's letter, which was pinned inside her dress, for an assurance of his love for her. That evening, while fixing her hair in soft coils about her neck, she thought, "Jonas had wandered a little, but when he came back he would weep again at her breast, for he would come, any other way being impossible to think, and when he came he would like this new way of her hair." Thus had she dismissed the possibility of his forgetting his promise.

Ellen was milking the cows when she began to think about the change that had come over the place now that her friends had gone--and perhaps even Jonas had gone. A feeling of doubt crept into her thought. "She came down from the pens knowing that all her beauties, assembled, standing around her, serene and proud, were standing about a great hollow inner space. In her body, in her breast, there was gathering a void, and it was spreading past her power to hold it." She knew that (VIII, 194, 195)

Dorine felt a slight contempt for her because she had lost Jonas, and she wanted to hide her disgrace from her other friends. Ellen resolved to see Sallie Lou at the Seay house and invented an excuse to go there. There she learned that Sallie Lou would attend a picnic in the Glen on Saturday with Jonas. Ellen wept on the way home.

"A dull nausea spread through her body and a sense of impending duty, a sorrow not yet realized. ...she found that she had been searching for the difference between Sallie Lou and herself, had been feeling the difference, whatever it was, feeling it in a mass and trying to resolve it into some clear statement. She looked at the difference with deeply penetrating thought, probing the mass and trying to bring it to some precise maxim, to resolve it to angles or edges, but it turned about, elusive and undefined." Ellen was trying to find in her reflections the answer to a pertinent question. She decided at length that Jonas preferred Sallie Lou because she had not shared his suffering over Jules Nestor's baby. "She seemed paralyzed, incompetent to assume her grief in its whole. As she turned into the pasture at the gate she knew that she would be going here and there with Sebe until Jonas came back. ... She would somehow find a way to bring the old relation, she thought for comfort; this was a shadow. It was a sickness, a great pain, but it would surely go. Jonas would remember."

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she spent many of her free hours weaving some coarse cloth into a carpet for Mrs. Turpin to sell. She wondered if Jonas would ever walk on the carpet, and she became lost in contemplation and pain as she wove the carpet strands. "One morning as the web grew the conviction grew in her mind that she would not give up Jonas. It would be in the end that she had not meekly acquiesced. She would find a way to search him out; and let Sallie Lou look out for herself." This weaving of the web is similar to the process performed by the spider in Jingling in the Wind. Not only did the weaving of the carpet provide Ellen with an opportunity for quiet meditation, but it symbolized her individuation during this crisis. Ellen's energy gathered for action. Incited now by jealousy, she would not give up Jonas without a struggle. With this crystallization of thought, she arose from the loom and set out for Barnet's place where Jonas was working, determined to reach her destination before noon.

When Ellen had walked approximately ten miles, she inquired of an old woman whether the road would take her to Barnet's place. In the short conversation with this woman, Ellen learned that Jonas had married Sallie Lou two days ago and had moved to Cornishville. Ellen turned around and started home in the dark, for it was late. She did not pay attention to any passers-by on the road for she was overcome by grief. "How, her tears were continually questioning her, how did she, Ellen Chesser, ever come to such a state of need that a person (VIII, 203)

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outside herself, some other being, not herself, some person free to go and come and risk accidents far from herself, should hold the very key to her life and breath in his hand? Her tears flowed anew for pity of such a device among men and they flowed anew at each recognition of her own loss. . . . The ground and air were as nothing to her, for all her life had been plucked out and there was nothing left but the knowledge that it had been taken away. . . . That a person outside herself, another being separate in flesh, should be a part of herself and, withdrawing, could break her--she wept afresh." This idea conflicted with Ellen's belief that she held the key to her own experience--that the meaning of life is created from within.

Her anguish and sense of loss grew so acute that her love for Jonas was transformed into hate. She was cutting bacon in the small meathouse, when an awful strength came to her arm. "She would kill Jonas. She would stab him with her knife, thus and thus! She hated him. Deep in her body arose waves of hate, and a strength beyond any she had ever known drove the knife into the dried flesh. He was ugly. She remembered all his ugliness." But in the next moment another wave of emotion arose out of her more inner passion--one of tenderness and sympathy as she recalled his gentleness, and she wept softly. Again she returned quickly to anger and hate, vowing that she would kill this man whom she hated, for there was nothing else to do. The strong suggestion to kill brought back vivid memories of the (VIII, 211, 214)

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night Cassie MacMurtrie had hanged herself. She saw the whole scene re-lived again, and identified herself with Cassie, wondering if suicide were the answer. "She could not be the same, could never go back and be the same she had been before Jonas. She would take him out of her mind. She would tear him out if she had to tear out her very entrails, if she had to gut herself and brain herself with her own hands.

"She could never do it; he had run in very deep upon her life. She would kill him with her terrible hands. She would strangle him with one strong grip. ... "

Immediately after this emotional climax, Ellen tried to forget the old event and control her self. The tumult of the emotional storm had assuaged. "She would go back very slowly and firmly and be what she was before. The return, she reflected, would come if she would be quiet. She would go after the turkeys and cut the wood and gather the beans and milk the cow, always looking for something that had not yet come, and be glad if a stranger passed and wonder who this one was and who that. ... She would make her breath come quietly in and out, for she was still herself, Ellen Chesser.

"'I'm Ellen Chesser. And I'm here, in myself,' she said."

Then she reasoned that she could never be the same as before she had known Jonas because he had been too long in her thought, but she would have to let the past fade into

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Then she reasoned that she could never be the same as before she had known Jonas because he had been too long in her thought, but she would have to let the past fade into

(VIII, 219, 220)

oblivion. She took a long walk over the farm land to clear her confused consciousness. In the days that followed she hated Jonas as being unfit for her regret, but she sometimes imagined that she heard his voice or his footstep. At night she found peace. "...in her dreams in the night she often arose to a great quiet beauty. There a deep sense of eternal and changeless well-being suffused the dark, a great quiet structure reported of itself, and sometimes out of this wide edifice, harmonious and many-winged, floating back into blessed vapors, released from all need or obligation to visible form, a sweet quiet voice would arise, leisured and backward-floating, saying with all finality, 'Here I am.'" Ellen had obtained inner harmony by making terms with her environment through her process of individuation. A year later, hoeing the garden, Ellen said the word Jonas over and over, but it was only a meaningless name, a name for something that was gone. "It was a word, less than a being, a bit of design lost in a turning year."

During Ellen's married life, after she had conceived five children and was carrying another, she passed through a major crisis in her experience. Her husband Jasper often spent the evenings away from home and she knew that he had been meeting Hester Shuck in the thicket. She was convinced of his unfaithfulness by the lewd words that he uttered in his sleep. "When the knowledge had settled upon her, Ellen felt a curious hardness in her body, as if life had grown solid and stiff (VIII, 223, 249)

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within her flesh. She wondered why she cared who had Jasper, turning this thought over and over as she worked." Ellen had matured mentally and emotionally since her childhood friendship with Joe Trent. At that time she had felt the affect of an adolescent infatuation--shallow and temporary. She had chosen not to continue her friendship with Joe Trent because of several obstacles which made it impossible. Her love for Jonas had been the passionate romantic love of youth. Therefore, his breach of promise to marry her had produced a violent agitation within her body and body. Her jealousy had been intense. She had vacillated between hate and love for Jonas, between wanting to kill him and wanting to caress him. Her moments of hate had been as passionate as her moments of love, until finally she was able to dismiss him from her mind, finding peace in nature and in her wonder about her environment. It had been a time of extreme emotional stress--heightened by her desire to keep Jonas for herself.

Ellen behaved very differently, however, when she learned about Jasper's affair with Hester. Her whole being was bruised by this neurological tragedy as it became hardened. She did not act rashly or impetuously as she had when Jonas left her. Her entire system was too shocked for any emotional outburst. She thought once of the knife in her kitchen that had recently been sharpened and of going to the thicket with it, but the temptation to kill was weak in contrast to the time she (VIII, 335)

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had contemplated killing Jonas. She wondered why she cared if Jasper saw Hester, and she knew that she would never humiliate herself by quarreling with Hester or spying on her. Ellen moved about the house and garden, performing her deeds in a perfunctory manner, half-hearing the children and not noticing what went on. She lived in a world apart, withdrawn from her environment, as if stunned by some gigantic blow. "The turmoil in her mind grew until she turned about in a maze, scarcely knowing whether the season were spring or fall, scarcely knowing one day from another."

Out of her listless thought, Ellen contrived to bring Jasper back to her, and, a moment later, she wondered why she bothered with these devices. She had plenty of work to do. Let Jasper go. What difference did it make to her? One day she dressed especially prettily to appeal to Jasper, but he paid no attention to her. She determined never to care again where he spent his evenings. Her hate for Hester was more nearly a kind of repulsion, a disgust for her vileness. When Ellen was informed by Martha that Hester had left town, she was too numbed to care, to feel anything. "Ellen could not find that she cared. The sense of hardness lingered in her body, stiffening her limbs and her mind. It was all one. Hester was gone. She was glad, no doubt; ... Her own body was stiff and tired and she could see that her hands were thin." This crisis temporarily stopped Ellen's process of individuation. (VIII, 335, 343)

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This crisis temporarily stopped Ellen's process of individuation.

For some time she was unable to create meaning in her experience.

Ellen did not have time to recover from this suffering before she was confronted with another tribulation. Jasper, becoming aware of her pregnancy and of Joe Phillips' fondness for her at the same time, associated the two facts in his mind. Jasper frightened Ellen by telling her that no child of Joe Phillips could be born in his house, and caused her to become ill. "The entire bitterness and hate of the summer gathered into each moment and into each brief interchange with Jasper. ... Each tried to hurt the other more, thrust after thrust, and they haggled over the unborn."

When the baby came, he resembled Jasper as he would look if he lived to be a hundred years old. A love grew between the two of them and Jasper was satisfied that the child was his own. Three years later with the death of Chick, there came the realization to Ellen that she and Jasper still loved each other. Their profound sorrow elicited an interchange of tenderness and love toward one another which reunited them completely after the breach caused by their reciprocal suspicion and distrust. The realization of the child's part in restoring harmony to the home lessened the poignancy of Ellen's affliction.

Shortly after this reconciliation Luke Wimble, a young man who came into the country to sell fruit trees to the farmers, asked Ellen and Jasper to board him. He liked Ellen (VIII, 344)

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because he saw that she possessed an artistic nature like his own. Once he told her, "You're a bright shiny woman, Ellen Kent, and it's all I can do to keep my eyes offen you. The apple tree, it blooms with a little pink in the white and the peach is all pink. The dogwood is like a star in the forest and the redbud is a sunset against a hillside. Then there's honey and that's the fruit of the bee, the flower of the bee-gum, you might say, and there's kinds of that, bee honey and ant honey, did you ever hear it said? ... They take the sweet outen the grass even, and even outen the mud. Some of it dark, the wild honey, and some strong and bitter, but all of it sweet, and it's the fruit of the bee. ...and all the time you're as shiny as a dogwood tree in spring, Ellen Kent."

When Luke wanted to kiss her, Ellen told him to find a young girl that would please him. Luke's answer disclosed the reason why he preferred Ellen to all the younger women: "You're worth all the balance and to spare. You got the very honey of life in your heart." This was his way of saying that Ellen was able to distill honey, that is, value, from her experience. The theme of the story emerges in this paragraph where Luke Wimble pays tribute to Ellen's amazing quality--her ability always to distill beauty by her process of individuation no matter how difficult was the situation. As in Jingling in the Wind, the author waits until the end of The Time of Man to express the theme explicitly, although she begins the story (VIII, 365)

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with the motif of individuation and develops this theme with artistic deftness throughout the book.

Not long after Luke Wimble's visit, Henry having died in the meantime, Ellen "would penetrate into her own history, into memories long habitually forgotten. It had seemed forever that she had traveled up and down roads, having no claim upon the fields but that which was snatched as she passed. ... Life began somewhere on the roads, traveling after the wagons where she had claim upon all the land and no claim, all at once, and where what she knew of the world and what she wanted of it sparkled and glittered and ran forward quickly as if it would always find something better." Here is a precise statement of Ellen's ability to create her own experience, her realization that she wanted beauty from life and that if she reached for it she would find it. Jeremy expressed this same thought in Jingling in the Wind in his remark, "Happiness is the strangest marvel of all, for it always awaits just beyond the fingertips."

Elizabeth Roberts makes evident Ellen's integrative individuation--the union of rational and emotional individuation--in the following passage, toward the close of the novel, where Ellen contemplates the meaning of life.

"As she sewed at some garment, rocking softly to and fro with the sway of her needle, she stopped, the seam stayed and the thread taut in her hand, stopped and remembered life. Life and herself, one, comprehensible and entire, without flaw, (VIII, 368; VI, 248)

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"As she sewed at some garment, rocking softly to and fro with the sway of her needle, she stopped, the seam stayed and the thread taut in her hand, stopped and remembered life, life and herself, one, comprehensible and entire, without flaw,

with beginning and end, and on the instant she herself was imaged in the lucid thought. A sense of happiness surged over her and engulfed her thinking until she floated in a tide of sense and could not divide herself from the flood and could not now restore the memory of the clear fine image, gone in its own accompanying joy."

Through her integrative individuation, Ellen achieved beauty and happiness. Her experience substantiates Jeremy's philosophy that "in the midst of confusion there is always a flow of harmony, a quiet water that is not troubled by the weathers which are those winds of the world that blow about the earth."

Therefore, her limited environment did not allow her to share her distilled value with many people. Lacking the opportunity for social intercourse, Ellen returned her excellence to the race through her children. She realized her part in the continuum of existence when she had a vision of her children as men and women asking her beyond what she had to give and always wanting more of her. She thought, "But some come forever, forever."

When Ellen was working in the kitchen one evening she perceived the important relationship existing between the children and herself. "Cleaning away the food and the dishes while Harriet put William to bed and Ben needed a stool under the light she heard them all, going, ordering, calling, hurrying in and out, quarreling, snoring, howling, defending each other, laughing,

(VIII, 369-370; VI, 248)

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b. Service to Man

In the life-pattern of man's experience, Service to Man follows Integrative Individuation in natural sequence, for the most important function of individuation is the contribution of one's achievements to the race of man. The validity of the individuating process may be tested by its influence on society. Unfortunately, Ellen Chesser, being the daughter and later the wife of a sharecropper, lived on farms remote from any community center. Therefore, her limited environment did not allow her to share her distilled value with many people. Lacking the opportunity for social intercourse, Ellen returned her excellence to the race through her children. She realized her part in the continuum of existence when she had a vision of her children as men and woman asking her beyond what she had to give and always wanting more of her. She thought, "Out of me come people forever, forever."

When Ellen was working in the kitchen one evening she perceived the important relationship existing between the children and herself. "Clearing away the food and the dishes while Nannie put Melissy to bed and Hen mended a tool under the light she heard them all, going, ordering, calling, hurrying in and out, quarreling, snarling back, defending each other, laughing, (VII, 321).

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When Ellen was working in the kitchen one evening she perceived the important relationship existing between the children and herself. "Clearing away the food and the dishes while Nannie put Melissa to bed and Hen mended a tool under the light she heard them all, going, ordering, calling, hurrying in and out, quarreling, snarling back, defending each other, laughing,

making jokes she could never have thought to make, and it came to her that these were of her, these people, but that they owned her somehow more than she owned them."

Several times Ellen saw her own wants reflected in the wants of her children. She had always yearned to read books, to learn all that there was to be known, to investigate the wonders of nature. Ellen had taught her children many songs. As they were gathered around the open fire in the short evening, Dick, the youngest boy, said, "I aim to know songs and about the things in songs. I aim to know more than I can now think about or tell."

"Mammy can sing you a heap of songs herself," Hen said. "You could learn a heap from Mammy."

"I already know all Mammy knows. And I want better. And more. I want more songs." ...

"Sweet William is like a story book. Sing Sweet William, Mammy."

"I want better songs," Dick said. "I already know Sweet William. And I want books to know and read over and over. I aim to have some of the wisdom of the world, or as much as ever I can get a hold on. There's a heap of wisdom in books, it's said, all the learnen of the world, and that's what I want to have, or as much as ever I can. I couldn't bear not to. I couldn't bear to settle down in life and not."

In the succeeding paragraph Ellen's realization that (VIII, 360, 373, 374)

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the wants of Dick were identical with her own produced an unusual effect upon her. "The strangeness of Dick's want bewildered Ellen and saddened her until her contemplation passed into a remote rapture. This strange want rendered her speechless while the children sat on by the fire or stole away one by one to their beds, for she felt her own being, in Dick, pushed outward against the great over-lying barrier, the enveloping dark. His want startled her with its determination and its reach, coming upon her as something she knew already, had always known, now enhanced and magnified, unappeased. She continued to sit beside the fire long after they were gone, trying to penetrate the thought, her eyes on the embers. Finally she went to her bed, lying down beyond Jasper, with the curious sadness still about her."

One moonlight night the Kent family packed its belongings and set out for a new place to live. The children, sitting on top of the wagon, were fascinated by the stars in the heavens.

"Then Nannie began to talk about the sky, looking out upon the stars. 'They are wide apart tonight, the stars, and they're a few, only bright ones.'

"'It's the moon sets the stars off and away like that, if you ever noticed,' another said.

"'I heard it said one time that all the stars have names. Wouldn't it be a thing to do now, to walk out of a night (VIII, 374)

and to say, "there's this one and there's that," a-callen by name?'

"'You could learn that in books,' Dick said, 'and that I'm sure. You could learn the names of all the stars maybe.'

"'Where are any books? We got no books,' Hen said.

"'And all the sky and how deep it goes, and whe'r it's got an end or not?'

"'You could learn that too in books, it's said. I got a heap of books to read and ne'er a one have I read yet but two or maybe three. You could never read all the books in the world, I reckon, if you read all your days until you're old.'

"'I don't aim to get old. I wouldn't. Grow up is all I aim.'

"'But the wisdom of the world is the dearest thing in life, learnen is, and it's my wish to get a hold onto some of that-there. It's found in books, is said, and that's what I know. I couldn't bear to settle down in life withouten I had it. It means as much as all the balance of life, seems like. Books is what I want. In books, it's said, you'd find the wisdom of all the ages.'"

Ellen's children caught from their mother a sensitivity to beauty, an inquiring mind, and, also, a desire for more (VIII, 380, 381)

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Ellen's children caught from their mother a sensitivity to beauty, an inquiring mind, and, also, a desire for more

education than she could give them. Regardless of Ellen's limited knowledge, she was, nevertheless able to hand down a priceless gift--the right of individuation. In this way, Elizabeth Roberts shows how Ellen rendered service to mankind by passing her achieved excellence to her children.

B. Artistic Perspective

Few people know that the novelist Elizabeth Roberts began her literary career as a poet, and that her first published work was a slender volume of poems entitled Under the Tree, poems which had previously earned the Fisk Prize. But no one could read any of Miss Roberts' novels without soon becoming aware that here is a novelist who writes with the soul of a poet, for from her felicitous pen there flows an effortless stream of magical prose which sings and dances in lively cadences into the very heart of the reader! It is this poetic quality of rhythm,--rising and falling to denote the shifting of emotions or the change of seasons--which gives Elizabeth Roberts' prose an artistic characteristic all its own.

Her lyrical quality is illustrated in this description of a melodious guitar which soothed Ellen Chessser's unhappy mind at a time of sadness: "One night not long after the coming of the first signs of the new season, into sleep came a beautiful tonk tonk tonk a-tonk of guitar strings out on the pasture road, some man that lived in the glen behind the hills going home. Strong rhythms came beating in the rich harmonies, coming out of the pasture that all day had been sopping mud--tonk tonk a-tonk tonk; quick notes danced under the firm beat of the chords

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and other quick notes ran lightly down while the mellow chord waited. The tones came very beautifully over the waking body, but they were scarcely recognized until they began to recede into the night, growing less vividly present as consciousness came. They rounded the osage shrubs and moved lightly away toward the west, changing rhythms with inter-playing chords and transitional notes that scurried down flights of tune.

Ellen had not known that such a thing could be--full-throated chords falling quick and strong, beautiful, breaking in upon dreams, rising out of the muddy pasture. In the end a voice jerked into song, leaping into the middle of the sweet string tones,

Oh . . .
Say darlin' say,
When I'm far away. . . ."

The dignified, unhurried language of Elizabeth Roberts with its musical lilt provides an excellent vehicle for portraying Ellen's rapture of delight in nature, her joy of being alive. "This was the world and she was in it, glad with a great rush of passion. Her hand reached out and touched a plantain leaf and her eyes recognized the dog-fennel and the wire fence beyond the dust of the road. She was still there and everything was secure, her body rising tall above the narrow-dock and the dandelions. The sky came down behind the locust trees, in place, and everything was real, reaching up and outward, blue where it should be blue, gray haze, heat rising out (VIII, 106-107)

and other quick notes ran lightly down while the mellow chord waited. The tones came very beautifully over the waiting body, but they were scarcely recognized until they began to recede into the night, growing less vividly present as consciousness came. They rounded the orange shrubs and moved lightly away toward the west, changing rhythms with inter-playing chords and transitional notes that hurried down flights of tune. Ellen had not known that such a thing could be--full-throated chords falling quick and strong, beautiful, breaking in upon dreams, rising out of the muddy pastures. In the end a voice jerked into song, leaping into the middle of the sweet string tones,

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(VII, 108-109)

of the dust, limp dock leaves falling away toward the dusty grass. She walked back to the cabin, moving slowly to feel the security of the path, touching a tree with her fingers, trailing her hand along the stone of the doorstep."

Personification, a figure of rhetoric more commonly associated with poetry than prose, is often inserted in some descriptive passage to enhance its beauty, especially in one picturing the forces of nature. "Ellen was out much in the changing weather--sun, rain, wind, sleet, sun, wind. The gales whipped her garments and bent her skirts in changing curves and lines. Clean, quick weathers, friendly and hearty and bold, swept over the farm hills, following her down into hollows and up onto slopes, along the fencerows and up into wooded crests. The weather, with its winds, snatched at her hair and tore at her garments; it wet her face with its rain and laid wet fingers on her arms and shoulders, or warm amorous hands on her back and loins."

Rhythm is a predominant characteristic of Elizabeth Roberts' literary technique. Ellen's experience is rhythmic in its periods of want and fulfillment, of frustration and victory, of sadness and joy. The slow action of the narrative is punctuated by the continuous alternation of seedtime and harvest, of heat and cold, of night and day. The conscious repetition by the author of certain phrases, such as "I am here! I am Ellen Chesser!" produce a unifying effect in the novel. (VIII, 27-28, 126)

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(VIII, 27-28, 186)

One of the most delightful scenes in the story, the one where Jonas proposed to Ellen, owes its charm to the recurrent activities of a mouse during the conversations of the two lovers. The appearance and disappearance of the little creature adds an artistic counterpoint to the love theme, prevents the courtship from becoming sentimental, and prolongs the intervals in which Jonas and Ellen are making decisions about their immediate future.

On another occasion the author uses the recurrence of certain phrases as a means of adding emphasis in an otherwise undramatic paragraph. "A sob stood, a bar, before her flowing mind. She was pushed and shoved up against the barrier. She let her body fall to the bed and lay curled there, too sad to make further preparations to sleep. On and on, without end, she felt herself and all other things going, day and night and and day and rain and windy weather, and sun and then rain again, wanting things and then having things and then wanting. Eating and then wanting to eat again, and never any end, and it goes on and on. On and on. And then you're old. And what did you ever have that was enough? And what was it for anyway? You could never see any end to anything and it goes on and on. Night comes and then it gets to be day, and sheep cry and then they're still and then they cry again. Voices beat on her memory but they made hollow meaningless noises. Something that came to nothing went on and on. 'Open the gate, Ellen!' It was (VIII, 89)

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On another occasion the author uses the recurrence of certain phrases as a means of adding emphasis in an otherwise unobtrusive paragraph. "A sob stood, a sob, before her flowing mind. She was pushed and shoved up against the barrier. She let nobody fall to the bed and lay curled there, too sad to make further preparations to sleep. On and on, without end, she felt herself and all other things going, day and night and day and rain and windy weather, and sun and then rain again, wanting things and then having things and then wanting. Eating and then wanting to eat again, and never any end, and it goes on and on. On and on. And then you're old. And what did you ever have that was enough? And what was it for anyway? You could never see any end to anything and it goes on and on. Night comes and then it gets to be day, and sheep cry and then they're still and then they cry again. Voices beat on her memory but they made hollow meaningless noises. Something that came to nothing went on and on. Open the gate, Ellen! It was

nothing but sound running up and down. What for? What for?
On and on."

In contrast to the emphatic motif just quoted, the author often deliberately avoids emphasis in certain paragraphs to produce an artistic effect of studied monotony. As one sentence flows effortlessly into the next, the important idea of the paragraph is sometimes hidden by the momentum of unaccented prose. When Ellen decided that "she would marry Jasper (Kent) and go with him wherever he went," the sentence containing this decision is the most important one in the paragraph. Yet, it is so imbedded in the middle of a stream of gliding phrases that one could easily miss this critical moment.

"When he was gone she went into the house, moving dreamily through the moonlit rooms. To marry and go away, the idea came into her mind slowly, spreading unevenly through her sense of the half-lit kitchen and her own room which was bright with a square of white light on the floor. She fell asleep with no formed wish in her mind and no decision, but when Nellie called her out of sleep soon after dawn, while she dressed quickly in the faded blue garment, she heard a catbird singing clear fine phrases on a post near her window, clear phrases that were high and thin, decisive and final, and she knew at the instant that she would marry Jasper and go with him wherever he went, and her happiness made a mist that floated about her body as she carried the feedings to the hogs and opened the
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In The Time of Man as well as in Elizabeth Roberts' other novels the idiom does not represent the vernacular but is a dialect specially created by the author for her epic narratives. The speech is leisurely and plain, well-suited to sharecropping farmers with their realistic approach to life. Sometimes it is so rhythmical that it closely resembles verse as in the scene where Ellen and Jasper plan to have a home of their home after their marriage.

"'By spring I aim to find some fields worth a man's strength. I'm plumb tired of trafficken about, good land and bad as it comes. I aim to go a long piece from here.'

"'Once when I was a youngone Pappy went to Tennessee and I saw cotton in bloom. We saw cotton grow.'

"'I'm plumb tired a-trafficken about.'

"'Saw cotton a-grown. The people gathered it after a while in big baskets, piled up white.'

"'We'll go to some pretty country where the fields lay out fair and smooth. A little clump of woodland. Just enough to shade the cows at noon!'

"'Smooth pasture is a pretty sight in a country, rollen up and cows dotten here and yon over it, red shorthorns and white and dun.'

"'And you won't say "I know a prettier country in Adair or in Shelby or Tennessee." Mountains or not.'

(VIII, 267)

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(VIII, 267)

"'Smooth pastures, we'll have.'

"'Whatever I can do to pleasure you, Ellie. The house like the way you want.'

"'And the house fixed up, the shutters mended and the porch don't leak. To sit on a Saturday when the work is done. A vine up over the chimney. Once I saw a far piece from here'

"'The stumps all pulled and the roots grubbed out.'

"'A parlor to sit back in when the busy season is over.'

"'The stumps pulled and the roots grubbed out, the plow to slip easy through the field dirt, No root snags to tear your very guts outen you.'

The Time of Man is an epic novel, based upon the fundamental drives of life. The life-cycle of man's biological experience and the life-pattern of his psychological experience form the framework for a well-constructed plot, as the investigation of the author's philosophic perspective disclosed. The title symbolizes the timelessness of man's interaction with nature which is an epic quality. As a phrase "the time of man" is repeated in several scenes of the narrative to show that Elizabeth Roberts' main concern is with the investigation of man's ^H achievements in the elemental folk-pattern of experience. There is no limitation of time in the story. Ellen realizes that she is just a part of the procession of mankind, a link (VIII, 272-273)

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in the continuum of existence. She sees the past and present as parts of a continuous whole, of a long succession of seed-times and harvests in the time of man. Neither is place a restricting factor in the narrative. The people are representative of any group of realists living in a folk-pattern who are close to the soil.

As an experiential realist, Elizabeth Roberts depicts the life of Ellen Chesser and her friends without any idealization. She portrays the experience of sharecroppers in a folk-culture with fidelity to real life. An event in their lives may be disappointing at times--even unpleasant--but that is life! The author's ability to write realistically is demonstrated in the episode where Jonas had confessed his visits to Jules Nestor and expressed his fear that he might be the father of Jules' baby.

"'I been in torment ever since I knowed,' he said. 'I can't think it out. Seems like it oughtn't to be. My little gal that looks like my own mammy. ...'

"The child that lay in Jules Nestor's bed could not be denied a place in her thought now. A great emptiness spread over the farm and over her past, as if life itself had emptied its inner portion and had given birth to some remote matter. Jonas was troubled and his thought went far from her and had another center, gathering around his hurt. He wanted to be beside her but he wanted her there to share his pain, and she

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After Jonas and Ellen had discussed his trouble, Ellen arose and went to feed the turkeys, still torn between pity for him and a feeling of loss. This paragraph is sharply realistic in the author's insight into human nature, revealing the shifting back and forth of human emotions:

"Or when Jonas leaned forward and she saw that a button was gone from his overalls and that he had fastened the suspender to the garment with a nail, then a pang of amused compassion flowed over her mind. She knew that he had forgotten the nail and her cruel eyes would keep wandering back to it. Then she would listen to his slow, half-dreaming speech and look out across the pasture and remember his eyes and their smile, and remember his look when he caught her eyes and that he had singled her out to walk beside her or to sit beside her on the stone wall. Or sometimes when he leaned over his cigarette she would look at his shoulders hanging loosely under his coat and a momentary pang would arise within her, a pity for his thin back and his flat-boned shoulders. But he would rise again, lifting his hands from his tobacco, and sit with his wrists crossed between his knees, his head thrown lightly back, and she would know a joy in the fall of his hands, in the droning (VIII, 157-158)

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and she would know a joy in the fall of his hands, in the drooping

of his voice, in the quiet of his careless words, in his nearness."

Although symbolism is not as predominant in The Time of Man to the extent that it is in Jingling in the Wind, an allegorical fantasy, still there are a few symbolic allusions worthy of mention. The title of the book itself is significant as a symbol of the author's focus on the achievements of the race of man since the beginning of time. Likewise, the recurrent use of the phrase "the time of man" helps Ellen to realize her place in the continuum of existence. The theme of the narrative is disclosed in the symbolism expressed by Luke Wimble when he told Ellen that she had "the very honey of life in her heart." Just as the bees would "take the sweet outen the grass even, and even outen the mud," so too Ellen is seen distilling beauty and joy from the harsh experiences of her life.

Throughout her experience Ellen was pushing back the ugly, sordid things in life to uncover the hidden beauty of the world. This process of individuation is symbolized in lyrical prose by Elizabeth Roberts in this paragraph:

"The creek was almost dry in the August drouth. A green scum stood on the stagnant pools of water in the small basins among the fluted rocks. Ellen traced images in the smooth green surface with her vaulting pole and watched them twist away into grotesques or take other meanings. With the (VII, 140, 366, 365)

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pole, a long broomstick she had found among the rubbish in the shed, she could easily swing herself over the pools. The lower pasture was burned brown except where the shade of the trees had saved a little moisture, but the tobacco was spreading wide fronds that crowded for room, and these were a brilliant green with waves of heat vibrating over them. The green scum made a curtain over the water holes, but when she tore the curtain away she saw the reflections in the water, the sky, blue and dry, the hills and trees. In a little while the scum gathered back and there was left only black water. To push the film aside with great zigzag strokes and make the world come into the pool quickly, the world big and clear and deep with a sky under it, this was her intent."

A. My Heart and My Flesh

1. Philosophic Perspective

My Heart and My Flesh continues the same motif of individuation as The Time of Man, but it is carried to a more spacious area of consideration. Elizabeth Roberts is investigating what the achievement has been not only of man in his life-pattern but of a family structure in its historical continuity. She is interested in discovering what quality it is that can prevent the structural disintegration of a family which has been buffeted by the vicissitudes of fortune. The (VIII, 37-38)

V. Recurring Motifs in the Other Novels

of Elizabeth Roberts

Introduction

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author has therefore selected Theodosia Bell, who represents the youngest generation of the fast deteriorating Bell family, for a critical examination.

From the beginning of the story, Elizabeth Roberts establishes the genealogical background of Theodosia Bell. She had reason to be proud of her great-grandparents on her paternal side who were the Bells and Montfords, noted families of Virginia. Once when Anthony Bell, Theodosia's grandfather, had felt talkative, he told her about Imelda Montford who wanted to learn Greek and Latin, Roland Montford who built a bridge for a king, William Montford who purchased nine thousand acres for a Virginia plantation, and about Rufus, Thomas, and Anne Montford. It was Anne whose name had been given to the town of Anneville, and many of its streets commemorated other members of the Montford family. Anthony said, "Theodosia Montford took Luke Bell to husband and then the Bells got into the story."* He described in detail the family coat-of-arms which proved their noble lineage. At another time, when Theodosia had broached the topic of miscegenation in her family, Anthony had retorted, "Enough virtue in a Bell, in a Montford, to carry along a little excess weight." Theodosia's father would also boast of her fine heritage. "Your mother was a lady and a pretty woman to boot, but the family trees all come by your father, and don't you forget that, all the shrubbery."

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The more recent members of the family tree, however, influenced by adverse circumstances, had brought about a degeneration of the family structure. Anthony Bell had lost his property when financial reverses prevented him from paying off the mortgages, and his son, a notorious debauchee, left home after an accumulation of overwhelming debts. Moreover, he had vitiated the family line by his interbreeding with Negroes. Miss Doe Singleton, Theodosia's aunt, spent her last years in sordid poverty, withdrawing from all contact with the world. Theodosia's mother, sickened by the dissoluteness of her husband, and unable to harmonize with her surroundings, died when Theodosia was a young girl. Her little sister inherited a weak constitution from her father and succumbed to a children's disease at the age of seven. Stiggins, the mulatto half-brother of Theodosia, was mentally deficient. This is the ugly picture that Elizabeth Roberts paints with stark realism to describe the downfall of a once noble stock and the pollution of its bloodstream.

Unlike her immediate relatives, Theodosia possessed the quality of individuating experience which could have assisted them in preserving the family's social position. It was this quality which enabled Theodosia to make a satisfactory adjustment to her environment, despite many conflicting forces. That Theodosia had a creative faculty is established in the Prologue to My Heart and My Flesh by the author's invention of the word

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"Mome," a combination of "my" and "home," to symbolize Theodosia's creative fancy. In the Prologue, Elizabeth Roberts represents Theodosia as a child named "Lucy Jarvis" who escapes from her unhappy environment by romantic sublimation, walking down the streets of Mome, an imaginative city where she witnesses the pattern of people and events that come into her experience.

The title of the book, derived from Psalms 84:2-- "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God"--signifies Theodosia's search for the meaning of life. Her quest for a definition of soul recurs rhythmically throughout the novel, and everything she does is motivated by her acute desire to solve this mystery. "Remembering that the music must come out of the spirit, the soul, she would search inwardly for some token or glimpse of this shadowy substance, this delicate eidolon. The question arose again and again. The soul, where and what was it? She observed that the preachers in the churches had souls for their commerce, and that there one learned that all souls were of equal value. But in the novel or the poem the lover said, 'I love you from the depths of my soul,' or the author said, 'He was stirred to the depths of his soul,' or 'He was frightened in his soul.' Striving to divide her being, to set bounds upon parts, she would turn a half-whimsical gaze inward as she strove to achieve the singing tone and to bow the indefinite legato. 'Does the music come out of me really, out of some inner unit, myself, all mine?' she would question, 'or

"Hence, a combination of 'X' and 'Y' is to be avoided. Hence, the

the five years. In the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth

theodosis as a child named 'John' to be a child named 'John' to be a

highly environment by romantic imagination, looking down the

street of Rome, an Italian five six years and thirteen the

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The style of the book, however, is not Italian. It is

my heart and my flesh and my bones for the living God. --sign-

the Theodosis is search for the way out of life. The quest

for a definition of soul results in a search for the soul

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to live is a quest. It is a quest for the soul that comes

out of the spirit, the soul, the world, the world, the world, the world

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of some inner self, myself, all mine. The world is a quest, for

do I simply imitate, skil^Lfully or not, what the teacher does?' She wanted to lay her finger on this integer and say, 'This is mine.'"

Occasionally, Theodosia was harassed by the thought that perhaps she did not possess a soul, but at other times she would confidently know she had one, although she could not penetrate the nebulous atmosphere surrounding it. "Somewhere there was a soul within her, within her grandfather likewise, she thought. She had identified it with a swift moment of concentrated loathing, cut it free with hate. Now there would be to describe it, to outline it, to study it, to see it. The music must come out of it. She lay in her bed, hard with determination and cool with the end of emotion." Theodosia made friendly overtures to her mulatto half-sisters for the purpose of ascertaining whether they had a soul, and if soul, whether it would resemble hers. She tried to probe into the meaning of life under the brown flesh.

Deeply in love with Albert, and pleased with Conway's friendly attentions, she relaxed in the comforting belief that at last she had solved the riddle. "The cool of the night touched her face and a shiver passed over her body, less of cold than of emotion deeply established as she recognized some unity within herself which related to her friends, to Albert's wish, to Conway's gentleness and beauty, and a clear thought of Conway brought a smile to her lips. 'This is my spirit, my soul. (VII, 87-88, 105)

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Theodosia's emotional ecstasy was of short duration, however, for Albert fell in love with Florence Agnew and jilted Theodosia. Completely shocked by this sudden turn of events, Theodosia's ability to individuate experience was momentarily thwarted, her creative faculty arrested. Obsessed by an intense hatred for Albert, she incited Lethe, her mulatto half-sister, to kill her faithless Negro lover, Ross, rather than her rival. Then Theodosia identified herself with Lethe as a murderer and an adulterer. It was this emotional crisis that hastened Theodosia's collapse--mentally, emotionally, and physically. Unable to overcome the conflict in her experience, she became tubercular and was confined to her bed for many months. As soon as she was able to leave the house, which her creditors were demanding, she visited her Aunt Doe in the country. This situation in life was now pathetically tragic, and the details of how she became disconnected from all social contact are poignantly realistic. In rapid succession, Albert had left her, Conway and her grandfather ^{HAD} died, her girl friends had moved away or deserted her, and even her home had been taken over by her creditors.

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faculty and attain harmony in an art form that imitates the orchestration of a symphonic movement. Through recurrent rhythms of birth and love and death in Theodosia's experience, her conflict with her environment mounts in intensity to a climatic crescendo which is finally resolved into peace and harmony. Temporarily drifting in the stream of despair, Theodosia contemplated committing suicide--either by freezing or by drowning. Pre-occupied with grief for her grandfather, disturbed by her father's obscenities, haunted by the death of Ross, and hungry for food, Theodosia's neurological system could no longer function normally. Despondently she cried out the futility of life, "Oh , God, I believe, and there's nothing to believe."

But Theodosia was slowly helped back to normalcy by the friendliness of Frank, whose sympathetic understanding of Theodosia and solicitous visits revived in her a desire to live. Frank became a link between her and the world as she commenced to associate him with a symbol of life. "The odor of life was about him, the strength of people, of places, of people talking together." One morning she was aroused from her apathy by the inspiring thought that she would uproot herself from Aunt Doe's household and apply for the position of teaching school in Spring Valley where there was an unexpected vacancy.

(VII, 247, 248)

(VII, 299)

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This is the beginning of Theodosia's re-birth. Happy to be alive and active once more, Theodosia experienced real joy for the first time in her life. The theme of the story becomes apparent when Theodosia, living in the folk-community, forgets herself in doing good for others. Through her capacity as a teacher, she was able to offer society her superior qualities. Social harmonizing was the factor which effected Theodosia's restoration. Elizabeth Roberts shows how Theodosia's concentration of "my" heart and "my" flesh was changed, through the enlightening process of individuation, to "our" hearts and "our" flesh as she realized that all mankind "crieth out for the living God."

The story ends on a note of harmony accentuated further by Caleb Burns' love for her. The concluding paragraph reveals the serenity that follows a great storm as Theodosia finds peace after a life of anguish and confusion. "The leaves of the poplar tree lifted and turned, swayed outward and all quivered together, holding the night coolness. The steps returned to the pasture, going unevenly and stopping, going again, restless. They went across the hollow place and came back again toward the rise where the cows lay. They walked among the sleeping cows, but these did not stir for it was a tread they knew."

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2. Artistic Perspective

A definite continuity of artistic devices and allusions flows through the seven novels of Elizabeth Roberts. In My Heart and My Flesh may be found many passages that recall similar statements in Jingling in the Wind. The author reiterates the device of a procession in her description of the symbolic projections of Theodosia's mind at a time when the knowledge of her father's lewdness appalls her.

"She was waiting on a street that was thronged with people, all of them hushed to await some event that gathered itself together and approached far up the street. 'The street-parade,' a voice said. There was a wide promenade left for the procession which was coming far up the way, all the people standing back and all very still. The procession was near at hand then, was passing by. It was made up of women, long strange creatures, not old but haggard, spent, thin, labored. Their long lank garments hung to their ankles, but their meager thin forms could be seen through the dejected attire they wore. They walked in an irregular procession, more than a hundred although they were uncoun-
ted. It was a terror to see them."

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Another device frequently used by the author is to have some character in her novel actually spinning, weaving, or sewing to indicate the evaluating process of the mind. In Jingling in the Wind the spider spins her web, in The Time of Man Ellen Chesser weaves a carpet on a loom, and in My Heart and My Flesh Theodosia Bell sews on some clothes. "She was busy all day mending undergarments for Anthony. Cotton cloth drawn together with sewing thread, scrutinized minutely, told her a final thing about the form of yarn which was in reality floating undevise^d lint brought into a line by spinning, bound together in a knitted chain of net. The lint floated from the design in a continual wasting, perpetual dissolution, and her own mind strove to bind its own threads, to regather its lint and impose some well-knit conclusions into the chaos."

Elizabeth Roberts excels in painting descriptive prose-scenes of nature, sketching in the background sights and sounds, with a light touch, capturing the atmospheric moods, blending the colors of the day or night with a pleasing arrangement of composition, the whole, done so skillfully and with such suggestive vividness that the scene remains in the reader's mind, haunting him with its delightful beauty. "She heard the noises of the night, the treefrogs and crickets, the frogs at the wet place beyond the milk house. The frogs set themselves against the night as if to saw a hole into the dark, but when they were done there was a season of quiet. The night was warm (VII, 157-158)

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and the people indoors slept noisily, their breathing and their sighs in sleep a protest against the heat. She heard them faintly as they moved or threshed at their beds or sucked inward at the hot close air. Outside the purity of the night spread over the cut fields and the cows were laid down on the open pasture-top near the ragged tree. Steps came off the farther slope, man's steps, sublimated and hollowed by the distance, feet walking through the grass, about the barns, off to the farther end of the pasture. They were lost then and denied as being delusion, an impossible. The night was warm and all but herself was asleep, drugged by the heat indoors."

The symbolism of the title and of "Mome" in the Prologue, discussed under the philosophic perspective, the symbolic romances of the mind, and the Voices that talk to Theodosia create at times a subtle effect of mysticism in My Heart and My Flesh.

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B. The Great Meadow

1. Philosophic Perspective

The Great Meadow, a historical novel, represents the highest possible correlation between history and art in Elizabeth Roberts' beautiful fusion of historical event and literary technique. "Great Meadow" is a translation of the Indian word "Kentucky" and is an appropriate title since the novel treats of the pioneer settling of Kentucky during the Revolutionary War. The motif of individuation recurs in this book but from a different aspect ~~than~~ from her other novels. Elizabeth Roberts' artistic focus is now turned toward the birth of a nation. How did America break the umbilical cord that held her to England, the mother country? How did the cultural pattern of a nation emerge out of the experience of the people? How did the law of the wilderness take precedence over the tidewater law adopted from English jurisprudence? In what way did the pioneers adjust themselves to the new mode of living? By what means did they distill value from their experience to hand down to posterity and thereby lay a strong foundation for an independent country? Elizabeth Roberts develops the answers to these questions with the authority of a historian and the resourcefulness of an ingenious artist.

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Similar to the artistic pattern of The Time of Man, the motif of individuation is suggested in the initial paragraph, but Diony Hall instead of Ellen Chesser is discovering the right to her own process of evaluating experience. "1774, and Diony, in the spring, hearing Sam, her brother, scratching at a tune on the fiddle, hearing him break a song over the taut wires and fling out with his voice to supply all that the tune lacked, placed herself momentarily in life, calling mentally her name, Diony Hall. 'I, Diony Hall,' her thought said, gathering herself close, subtracting herself from the diffused life of the house that closed about her."*

Diony bears a strong resemblance to Ellen in her ability as an artist to create value from her experience, and it is through her individuation that Elizabeth Roberts reveals the birth of a new nation. Diony, by integrating high thinking and plain living, represents the first definite pattern of cultural life in colonial life--practical idealism. Having learned from her father the fundamental theory of Berkeley's philosophy--the ability of the mind to create substance through perceiving or knowing--Diony, inherently artistic, often dreamed of building a new world.

"She turned the thought of the words that the book used over and over with a pleasure in knowledge, restating all for her own delight. 'They, these things, or any small part of the whole mighty frame of the world, are withouten any kind

*IV--The Great Meadow
(IV, 1)

or sort or shape until somebody's mind is there to know. Consequently, all the ways you wouldn't know, all you forgot or never yet remembered, might have a place to be in Mind, in some Mind far off, and he calls this Eternal Spirit.' Her thought leaped then beyond articulation and settled to a vast passion of mental desire. Oh, to create rivers by knowing rivers, to move outward through the extended infinite plane until it assumed roundness. Oh, to make a world out of chaos. The passion spread widely through her and departed and her hands were still contriving the creamy fibers of a fleece."

The first conflict in Diony's life was caused by the dissension over the legality of her marriage to Berk Jarvis as the ceremony had been performed by a Methodist minister, not by a clergyman from the Established Church of England. How competently Elizabeth Roberts portrays the tugging between the tidewater and wilderness ways, and how expertly she interweaves historical fact with fiction! This may be seen in the following paragraphs which reveal also the courage of the pioneers in declaring their independence from the restricting conventions of England.

"Standing with Berk and Evan Muir before the fireplace, Diony knew what troubled the guests and why Stafford and Owens whispered.

"They say it's not a lawful ceremony," Muir whispered. 'They say only one kind can say legal marriages.'

(IV, 24)

or sort of shape until somebody's mind is there to know. Consequently, all the ways you wouldn't know, all you forget or never yet remembered, ought have a place to be in mind, in some mind far off, and he calls this Eternal Spirit. Her thought leaped then beyond extinction and settled to a vast passion of mental desire. Oh, to create rivers by knowing rivers, to move outwards through the extended infinite plane until it assumed formlessness. Oh, to make a world out of chaos. The passion spread widely through her and departed and her hands were still contriving the creamy fibers of a fleece. The first conflict in Dion's life was caused by the

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"Standing with Ben and Evan near before the fireplace, Diony knew what troubled the guests and why Stelford and Owens whispered. They say it's not a lawful ceremony, their whispered. They say only one kind can say legal marriages."

(IV, 22)

"'Only rectors out of the state church, they say.'

"'It's a new world now, a new day. We don't have to live by a state church. It's a free country.'

"'Free or not, there's the law,' Stafford said. All had come to the wide space before the hearth. 'I wouldn't want to make trouble for anybody. All is, a ceremony ought to be legal or shame is bound to follow. In 1661 a law was passed. It's known to all. "No marriage be solemnized nor reputed valid in law but such as is made by the ministers according to the law of England."'

"Thomas was reading aloud from the Declaration of Independence, finding confirmation of this idea. 'Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' he said, reading. There were many opinions spoken. ...

"'I'm married now,' Berk said. 'This lady here is Mistress Diony Jarvis henceforth. Diony, did you marry me when you stood along beside me a while ago and listened to all Coley Linkhorn said?'

"'I married Berk Jarvis,' Diony said. 'Coley Linkhorn said a prayer over us and married us in a right way.'

"'Legal or not, hit's a marriage,' Polly said. 'My church can make as strong a marriage tie as e'er another.' ...

"'Married we are (said Berk) and married we'll go away from here. We won't have to prove the law of the Tories against we get in the wilderness.' ...

"'Quiet! A new day. No matter.'"
(IV, 134-6)

After their marriage Diony Hall and Berk Jarvis took the wilderness trail over the mountains of Virginia to Harrod's Fort in Kentucky where they began their pioneer experience. Diony did not cease to be concerned about the legality of her marriage until one afternoon when Elvira Jarvis, her mother-in-law, sacrificed her life to the Indians who had surprised them in the woods in order to protect Diony and her unborn son. Through individuation Diony realized that Elvira's noble act sanctioned her marriage and that experience was a higher test of value than verbalism or a conventional pattern of thinking. Experience proved to Diony that the wilderness law, being functional, was more valid than the tidewater legal system. This evaluation of the pioneer way of life brought harmony to her.

"There came to her a rush of matured thought, such as she had never known before, and an assurance that she might bring all these happenings into relation with what she knew from her father's books, and on the instant she felt a nearness to Thomas Hall, as if she had grown in size to comprehend the whole of his thought. Elvira had died for her; it was once said she was not married to Berk Jarvis; the Author of Nature, the great Mover of the Universe, continually explained himself by signs that appear in the mind. A new idea ran swiftly over her. Elvira had died for her. That married her to Berk Jarvis if Coley Linkhorn's words were not of sufficient power. The Author of Nature had surely made a sign here, by the way of Elvira's superhuman good-

After their marriage Diony Hall and Beth Jarvis took the wilderness trail over the mountains of Virginia to Harpersport in Kentucky where they began their pioneer experience. Diony did not cease to be concerned about the legality of her marriage until one afternoon when Elvira Jarvis, her mother-in-law, sacrificed her life to the Indians who had surprised them in the woods in order to protect Diony and her unborn son. Through indignation Diony realized that Elvira's noble sacrifice sanctioned her marriage and that experience was a higher test of value than verbalism or a conventional pattern of thinking. Experience proved to Diony that the wilderness law, being functional, was more valid than the timeworn legal system. This evaluation of the pioneer way of life brought harmony to her.

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ness."

While Elvira's death solved the legal problem for Diony, it immediately created a new conflict. Berk Jarvis, the typical pioneer man with his physical strength and elemental ways, wanted to avenge his mother's death as he knew which Indian had scalped her. In sharp contrast to Berk is Diony, the artist and intellectual thinker, who feels that Berk's greater responsibility is to stay home and safeguard his wife and provide for the coming baby. When Diony first learned of Berk's intention, she refused to assist in his preparations, but, watching his clumsiness in getting ready for his trip, she realized her duty as a wife and made him the journey cakes. In this tender scene Elizabeth Roberts corroborates the philosophic theory set forth by Jeremy in Jingling in the Wind that man and woman shall be co-equal but different in office, that man shall be the ruler but woman shall be the creator. Diony realized at this time that man's strength is his weakness and that woman's tenderness is her strength.

"He mended the fire while he was speaking and the glow fell over the darkened room now. He took up the leather shirt and began to pick at the seam to take away the broken parts of the thread, and as he leaned slightly forward, he was fixed in a posture that seemed eternal, and she remembered another moment of fixity when the redmen stood before the door of the hut. ... His being filled the house, the fort, the
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whole land as far as she could conjure it in mind. He arose from his posture and walked toward the fire, and he set a fresh log over the flames and put the vessels about. His strength was of such a measure that the logs and the vessels seemed as toys in his hands, as if he subdued his power to bring it under the roof of the cabin. A rush of pity moved her then, as if strength itself were calling for compassion. She moved toward the table-board and began to busy herself there.

"I'll bake whatever cakes you need," she said, speaking slowly. "I couldn't say I'll bake for you, Berk, the substance of all I promised when Coley Linkhorn joined us together. I'll get for you whatever you need and sew the seam. I'll bake the journey cakes tonight."

When a year had passed and Berk did not return, Diony married Evan Muir, for a woman could not live alone in a wilderness. It was a wilderness ceremony, performed by Daniel Boone whose conception of destiny was identical with that of Diony's. Diony liked to ponder what Boone had told her--that he was never lost no matter where he was. He, too, was able to create meaning from his experience, building a world out of chaos.

In marrying Evan Muir, Diony had sacrificed her personal pattern of value to a higher pattern of what it means to be a pioneer. She saw that marrying again was the only fair thing to her child and the community, for she had seen, through (IV, 241-243)

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In marrying Evan Muir, Diony had sacrificed her personal pattern of value to a higher pattern of what it means to be a pioneer. She saw that marrying again was the only fair thing to her child and the community, for she had seen, through

her individuating process, the important function of the pioneer woman in the continuity of the American cultural pattern.

The climax of the narrative comes near the end of the novel when Berk returns to the fort after three years of absence and discovers that Diony is married to Evan Muir. The solution to their dilemma is offered by a neighbor woman who informs them that it is the law of the wilderness when this situation arises, as it commonly did in the pioneer colony, to let the woman choose which man she would have for her husband, and to let the other go peacefully. While Berk related his adventures among the Indians, his hardships, and his narrow escape from death, Diony was trying to choose between them. Her decision was made when Berk described how he had outwitted the Indians who were planning to boil him alive. "I says, 'When life goes outen me the strong part goes too. You couldn't eat ne'er a bit of it. Whe'r I go to heaven or whe'r I go to hell or whe'r I go no place at all, whenever I go from here my strength goes along with me. I take my strong part and you'll never get it inside your kettle and you couldn't eat it into your mouth. 'God,' I says, 'what a dunce race it is here, to think it could eat strength the like of that.'"

Diony's decision to keep Berk for a husband was not the result of an emotional impulse, but it came from her realization that Berk, who represented, like Daniel Boone, the true pioneer type was indispensable to the founding of a new cultural pattern. (IV, 332)

She gave due consideration to Evan's splendid contribution to pioneer society, but she saw that the real pioneer must precede all others in the birth of a nation. Diony's integrative individuation, highly developed, enabled her to evaluate Berk's place in the total pattern of civilization.

The final paragraph, characteristic of Elizabeth Roberts' philosophic and artistic perspectives, provides a tranquil ending to the story as Diony, through the evaluative function of the mind, realizes, like Jeremy in Jingling in the Wind, the dawn of a new era and the importance of Boone, the creative pioneer, as a messenger to the new world.

"Diony put the bar across the door and made the house ready for the night. But she sat in the dim light of the last candle, sitting beside the table, leaned forward on the board. For a little while she felt that the end of an age had come to the world, a new order dawning out of the chaos that had beat through the house during the early part of the night. Her thought strove to put all in order before she lay down to sleep. She felt the power of reason over the wild life of the earth. Berk had divided the thinking part of a man from the part the Ojibways would have put into their kettle and into their mouths. The least child cried, wanting its midnight feeding, and she took it into her arms, continuing her brooding. Boone said that he was never lost, she reflected. Boone moved securely among the chaotic things of the woods and the rivers. Beyond her picture

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of Boone, unlost, moving among the trees, she saw Berk standing before the redmen far in the north in the dense power of the famine and the cold, crying in their faces, 'You will not put me into your pot . . . Whe'r I go to heaven or whe'r I go to hell or whe'r I go nowhere at all, I take my strong part with me. . . .' The whole mighty frame of the world stood before her then, all the furniture of the earth and the sky, she a minute point, conscious, soothing the hunger of a child. Boone, she contrived, was a messenger to the chaotic part, a herald, an envoy there, to prepare it for civil men."

(IV, 337-338)

2. Artistic Perspective

The final scene in the Great Meadow is a magnificent projection of Elizabeth Roberts' central theme of individuation which holds the integral parts of the story together in one artistic design. By ingenious use of rhythm and recurrence Diony's desire as a child to ascertain the validity of Berkeley's philosophy by creating a new world, her vision as a pioneer woman of the future of Kentucky, her acquaintance with Daniel Boone's philosophy which paralleled hers are all consummated in the final scene where Diony realizes the purpose and function of pioneering in the civilizing process. She discerns, too, the importance of individuation in creating order out of chaos.

A few sentences from Diony's vision of Kentucky's future will illustrate the author's artistic use of prose, her extraordinary perception, and the beautiful rhythm which always characterizes her writing.

"She would prolong her reverie until it fell into a clearly defined desire.

"This was a new world, the beginning before the beginning. Sitting thus alone in the cabin, while Berk looked for the cow on the snowy creekside and brought her safely to the

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for the cow on the snowy creek-side and brought her safely to the

fort, while he, with the other men of the stockade, dragged fodder inside the wall, getting the wood, closing the gates-- sitting thus she would ^{see} a vision of fields turned up by the plow. A moist loam rolls up to take the seeds and the rain into itself. Over the fields some birds would go swiftly, darting here and there, calling now one and now all together, plovers tossing over a made field to go to the creekside beyond a low rising shoulder of turned loam. A field! This would be a great happiness.

"Or again: A vision of sheep sprinkled over a pasture or turned in on a hillside to crop the stubble and glean a fine rich eatage for themselves. ...

"A vision of stone walls and rail fences setting bounds to the land, making contentment and limitations for the mind to ease itself upon. The wearying infinitives of the wilderness come to an end. ...

"A vision of neighbors, a man living to the right, a man to the left, each in his own land, their children meeting together to walk down the road to a schoolhouse or a church. ...

"A vision of places to sell the growth of the farms, there being farms now, a vision of some market place off in some town beyond the fields, where iron and glass could be had for the surplus of the harvest, where could be had books and journals and tools, clocks and vessels of earthenware, pewter spoons and vessels of brass, steel knives and smooth shoes for their feet,

182

fort, while he, with the other men of the stockade, dragged
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needles for their fingers . . . It was a happiness to think of."

Although there is no allegorical connotation in The Great Meadow as there was in Jingling in the Wind, no mystical and subtle symbolism as ^{IN} My Heart and My Flesh, yet the characters themselves may be taken as symbols of the pioneering process. Diony and Berk, timeless figures in an epic narrative, represent the ideal pioneer type--the man whose strength, virility, and action equip him to be the perfect pioneer husband, the woman whose tenderness, femininity, and intuition qualify her for the tremendous task of creating a home in the wilderness. The bravery of Berk in carving out a new trail, in hunting wild animals for food and clothing, and in fighting the Indians is matched by the courage of Diony in making a new wilderness home, in child-bearing, and in facing danger and tribulation alone.

"They moved up the narrow canyon along the faint trace, Boone's Trace, over stones and brambles, but here and there logs had been thrown from the way or a tree felled to make the passage clear. Together, men and women, they went slowly forward, the men to the fore, the man's strength being in the thrust, the drive, in action, the woman's lateral, in the plane, enduring, inactive but constant. They marched forward, taking a new world for themselves, possessing themselves of it by the power of their courage, their order, and their endurance. They went forward (IV, 207-209)

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without bigotry and without psalm-singing to hide what they did. They went through the Gateway of Kentuck. They walked quietly, being subdued by the greatness about them in the great cliffs and the fine mountains rises that lifted upward from the pass."

By retarding the tempo of her language in presenting the realistic aspects of pioneering, Elizabeth Roberts clarifies the building of a new civilization from the viewpoint of the men and women who made it as history books fail to do. Her expertness in re-creating the tremendous task of pioneering life and its effects upon those who performed this task are carefully delineated throughout the novel. This paragraph exemplifies her treatment of history, emphasizing the people and not the fact.

"The great natural barriers were now passed. There were now the hills to go, the long untracked forest marked only with Boone's Path. There was much game on every hand. All night the dogs fought back the jackals from the fresh meat that was hung in a tree for safety. After a day of rest they were off on the way again, Berk always forward, driving every man beyond himself, relentless, lean as the wolf--man assuming the wolf to overcome the wolf. Diony tried to recall all the path she had come and all the mountains and rivers she had crossed, but the ways were blurred and blended with dangers and fatigues, with lamed beasts and lost property, with hunger and wet and lightning striking fire among the trees, with owls hooting in the night, true and false, men running here and there, children (IV, 168)

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running, to bring the cattle back to the path. Beyond all this lay some design she could not now state clearly. There was food and rest at a day's end. There were hours of dizzy going when she knew nothing beyond the certainty of herself on the way."

Elizabeth Roberts' fusion of history and fiction is accomplished not only by relating the story of the settlement of Kentucky but also by using recurrent references to the Revolutionary War. Even in the last scene which is dramatically tense, Miss Roberts' takes time to introduce the historical detail that Washington's army had captured the British at Yorktown.

The idiom of the people in The Great Meadow is the same style intentionally employed by the author for portraying the experiential realism of The Time of Man. It is not a dialect but a folk-language which is functionally valuable. Perhaps it was Elizabeth Roberts' great grandmother, herself a descendant of these early pioneer women of Kentucky, who gave the author the inspiration for this graphic language, peculiar to the folk-novels of Elizabeth Roberts.

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C. A Buried Treasure

1. Philosophic Perspective

An examination of the elements of a modern epic novel reveals the peak of man's psychological experience at the place where, having distilled value from his life-pattern by integrative individuation, he contributes his achieved excellence to society through service to mankind. The importance of returning excellence to the race as a test of the validity of the process of individuation has already been discussed. In The Time of Man, Ellen Chesser benefited the race by passing down to her children her ability to create beauty and harmony despite poverty. In My Heart and My Flesh, Theodosia Bell made her contribution to the community by teaching the children in a rural school. In The Great Meadow, Diony Hall realized the importance of her role as a pioneer woman in imparting her excellence not only to her family but also to the frontier settlement.

A Buried Treasure continues this motif of individuation by presenting, through allegorical implications, the problem of attempting to hoard one's excellence instead of contributing it to the race. Written with great simplicity, the novel centers its attention on one episode in the life of Philly and Andy Blair, plain country folk of Kentucky. The action of the

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narrative covers a period of approximately a week, in which time the climax is soon reached, and the denouement is brought to a quick conclusion. The concentration of Elizabeth Roberts on the immediate conflict introduced into the otherwise monotonous farm life of the Blairs by Andy's discovery of a kettle of gold buried in his pasture necessarily prevents a full-scale treatment by the author of the elements of man's experience. However, one catches a glimpse of some of the fundamental drives which show the author's philosophy is still that of naturalism. The folk-singing and dancing, the mating of the young people, the struggle for economic survival are all in the background of the picture as a folk-setting for the principal episode of the book with its series of incidents surrounding the discovery of the pot of gold.

Elizabeth Roberts has realistically depicted the difficulties which arise when Andy and Philly try to keep the kettle of gold in their own possession. Their first childish enthusiasm at suddenly changing their circumstance from poverty to wealth was soon subdued by the problem which now confronted them. What should they do with the gold? Should they keep it? To whom did it originally belong? Was it rightfully theirs? Should they tell their neighbors? These were some of the questions they asked each other, speculating on the choice of answers. Their discussions laid bare their inherent traits of character. Andy, a miserly fellow, wanted to hoard the gold

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merely for the sake of gloating over his wealth in secret. Philly, in sharp contrast to her husband whom she despised for his niggardliness, planned to use the money for a new hen-house roof and in helping her less fortunate niece.

Instead of producing harmony in the lives of Philly and Andy, the pot of gold brought a tormenting conflict. They worried constantly about a safe hiding-place for the kettle and frequently re-located the treasure every day. Their obsessing fear of losing the gold haunted them day and night. Their mounting feeling of apprehension is communicated to the reader in the carefully created atmosphere of suspense that settled upon Philly and Andy on the night of their surprise party. Philly's fear reached a dramatic climax when she returned to her house one evening and saw the hearthstone in her parlor overturned, the yellow earth littering the floor, and the pot gone. Obviously robbers had stolen the precious treasure! But her nervous excitement was soon quieted by Andy who informed her that he had suspected the presence of thieves in the vicinity and had already re-buried the kettle near the pear tree where it was safely hidden. Andy's insatiable greed for hoarding money appears to be transformed in this scene, for he unselfishly gave Philly a few coins which he had held back. Then he offered one to the Lord and pledged that whenever he took money from the kettle, he would subtract an equal amount for the Lord. This brief summary of the fate of the kettle shows

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the problem of attempting to possess whatever is a treasure. The "treasure" here symbolizes the quality of excellence which one attains through integrative individuation. It is "buried" when it is hoarded, kept in reserve, and never put into circulation. The important function of individuation is to provide a continuous flow of excellence into society, thereby improving the race of man. The contents of the kettle are also symbolic. The gold and silver coins, numbering a little over nineteen hundred pieces represent the number of Christian years in which this excellence of man has been distilled. Andy's vow to give to the Lord an equal share of whatever he took from the kettle of gold denotes the importance of returning excellence to the race in compensation for the value distilled from one's experience and ^{is} also a just recognition of the Lord's benefits to man, of Him Whom the Bible declares ^{is} the "Giver of all good gifts."

Along with the money was found a small bag containing two iridescent pearls. The disappearance of the two pearls from the kettle one day greatly distressed Philly. She searched throughout the house for them, wondering where they could be, and why Andy had not mentioned their loss. "She fitted keys into little slits and tried to make them turn bolts over, and she went into the smallest and most secret place of the house, the secret drawer in the dark cubbyhole, remembering then that Susie had six children and if she had lost there would be six

(III, 39-53)

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to help her find. She was weary and warm from the search, having been up and down stairs and ladders, bending and searching and feeling, and she thought here of Andy as having been too stingy to give her any children, as having held back a part of what he should have given her, as taking what he wanted and holding back some little final thing."*

"Toward dusk she began to think of the little pouch which held the two round pearls and to wonder that Andy had kept them in secret, that he had not spoken of them to her. When she was in the bed she thought of them, wondering to hear Andy breathe aloud beside her that he would hold the pearls somehow more secret than the kettle and that he had not told her what he would do with them. She pretended to sleep, but all the while she waited, listening to Andy's breath, and when he lay heavily, scarcely breathing in the depths of rest, toward midnight, she touched his body lightly with quick cunning fingers and explored it for some signs of the pearls. Across the back ran a tape or string, and when she followed this ~~about~~ about his body until it rested on the fore part of his trunk she found that it came to an end with a little knot, and from the knot there extended downward another thread from which hung a small sack of cloth, the little pouch in which the pearls were tied. She let her fingers play lightly with the two small round beads inside the cloth, cautious, her touch deft

*III--A Buried Treasure

(III, 57-58)

as the blowing of an aspen leaf, for the pouch rested on Andy's skin, hanging below the belt. It gave her a delight to touch the pearls thus, as if she had put her hand into the kettle itself and had fingered the riches there. Three times during the night she let her hand find the little treasure and finger it lightly, and each time she could count the two pearls, saying, 'This one and that one,' knowing that they were real and that the kettle was real. They were a near and present symbol of the wealth in the kettle and she touched them with delight. But she did not know clearly why Andy carried them thus or why he had hidden them from her unless he wished thus to increase his value in his own eyes by adding these bits of precious treasure to his own person to make up somehow for whatever he lacked. Or perhaps, she thought, as she drowsed happily to her own rest, he merely wished to have a symbol of the kettle always within reach, to be fingered at any moment."

These passages in the book clarify the author's use of the two pearls to symbolize sex. By placing the pearls in the kettle of gold, she stressed the importance of reproduction as a means of insuring a society to which excellence may be returned. The excellence of an individual may then be contributed to mankind through one's children. By this symbolism Elizabeth Roberts indicates the equal importance of reproduction and spiritual expression in man's experience. Andy had given Philly no children and, therefore, had not fulfilled his obligation to (III, 222-4)

the race. "The Blairs had been a fine race. Making no great show with money or with land, they had still been proud. Having no visible signs of finery, they had been fine somehow in spite of whatever they lacked. 'You reckon it would be a Blair kettle?'"

Another facet of the motif of individuation is illustrated in the comparison that Philly made between the old pullet and Sam Cundy, her brother-in-law. Cundy, whose wife had died, would not allow his daughter to marry the one she loved. He selfishly kept her at home to do the housework and to have someone with whom he could share his complaints. By denying Imogene the right to a family of her own, Cundy was depriving her of an opportunity for a more extensive contribution of excellence by furthering the race of man.

Philly "knew the evil that surrounded the old pullet. When the fowl had laid the egg she stood over it and began to peck at it with her bill. When she had made a hole in the shell she supped out the inner part. ...

"Philly had a momentary sickness spread over her, and she remembered Cundy in spite of her concern for the roof. She saw Cundy pressing his large mouth into the egg to sup out the sweet inner part."

Frustrated by her lack of children, Philly Blair attempted to create some meaning from her experience but not very successfully. At the beginning of the story she expressed hatred for her neighbors because their fate was so fixed and their way of life so meager. Then a pity washed away her hate (III, 19, 230)

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Philly "knew the evil that surrounded the old belief. When the fowl had laid the egg she stood over it and began to peck at it with her bill. When she had made a hole in the shell she snipped out the inner part. ...

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for them as she realized that her situation was identical with theirs. Occasionally, she is described as thinking about events in the past, but we have no proof that she had assimilated any value from these ruminations.

The artist in the story is Ben Shepherd, who, like Ellen Chesser, could create worth from his own experience. The artistic interpolation of his activities with those of Philly and Andy provides a pleasing diversion from the main element of the story and increases the atmosphere of suspense. Ben, a young fellow of seventeen, had visited the community once to copy the names of his ancestors from their gravestones. Like Ellen Chesser, he was interested in "the time of man," but in the continuity of the race in its genealogical aspects. While examining the inscriptions on the tombstones, Ben discovered that through his ancestors he was related to everyone in town including the Blairs.

"There the moonlight came brightly over the stones, and no lettering being required of them, they seemed clear and sharp, as if they told clear legends. He had been into the homes of the living Shepherds, they now wearing other names, and he had seen them at their working, their living, their play, their lovings. He had walked through their old orchards and among their bees, and he had stripped their seedling grass and cut their wheat. He had fished in their stream and trapped their game in the thickets. He had surprised them at forbidden

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love; he had eaten their food; and he had prayed with them in their church. ... In the small inner glade the daylight and the moonlight were dim, but he found his way, and he laid the bone down in the place where it used to lie."

As Ben thought about the differences between his ancestors, whose bones were being eaten by the ants, and the living Shepherds, whose activities he had shared, he saw how they all fitted into the pattern of his life-story. He returned a bone to the grave from which he had taken it, showing by this gesture that he had satisfied his curiosity about his place in the race of man, proud that he could trace his ancestral line back to the early pioneers of Kentucky, but content now to enjoy the company of the living Shepherds who were continuing the family line of inheritance. In this way Ben acknowledged his debt to his predecessors, realized his affiliation with the living, and anticipated his role in the continuum of existence.

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2. Artistic Perspective

The easily flowing descriptions of pastoral life, the picturesqueness of rural existence in its rustic simplicity, and the elements of the folkways, characterize A Buried Treasure as an idyllic novel. Elizabeth Roberts' artistic application of lilting prose to describe with great vividness and beauty each detail of nature's scenes is evident in A Buried Treasure as it is in Miss Roberts' other books. How beautifully Miss Roberts write, and with what fidelity to details, may be seen in this brief passage:

"The hot-weather beetles cried all day, making a clicking sound that burst out of the weeds and the grass, out of the half-grown corn and the thick tufts of the wheat. The grain fields turned about with the turning of the land, arising and dipping past the limits of the wire fences, rolling up into the washed-out places where a few locust trees held the land together and made a faintly darkened line against the brightening wheat. The land rolled forward toward the harvest, or it rolled backward toward the time of planting, toward the long sequences of harvests and plantings, moving backward, over and over, the soil turning, revolving under the plowings of many springs. Back further toward the trees and the uncleared for-

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ests, or forward swiftly to the acute moment, the fine and most immediate present, where a man draws a reaping machine out of a barn, oiling the parts, saying, 'In three days, or a week at the longest, we'll begin to cut, if the signs hold good.'

"The streams wound through the land, having cut deep channels as they had been flowing many centuries through the limestone. One stream flowed north between darkened bluffs that cut the turfland and the plowed fields apart, but it curved westward and turned then to flow south, mile after mile, crossed by narrow roads that ran over bridges--iron webs between two high bluffs. There were small houses and large ones, mostly painted white, set wide in the sun or shaded by old trees, and these were the living-places of the men who were tilling the fields and preparing the harvest."

Elizabeth Roberts' insight into the psychological workings of the mind provides her novels with penetrating character sketches. One of the best examples of this is seen in her probings of Philly Blair's thoughts in A Buried Treasure. With a realistic deftness she shows how Philly idealizes her husband to outsiders but always disparages him at home. Through the focus of Philly's eyes a vivid sketch of Andy Blair is given:

"A tall, slow-moving man, who might at any instant become elegant, stood as a fog around Andy and then went out quickly. She left the little chair where she had been sitting (III, 65-66)

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"A tall, slow-moving man, who might at any instant become elegant, stood as a fog around Andy and then went out quickly. She left the little chair where she had been sitting

and walked about the room. The creature on the floor beside the money pot was a hungry, long-boned, crook-jointed man, wanting only two or three things in the world. He was unwilling to do anything or to think anything without her, was always telling her what he did, running in to tell her if a pig broke through the fence or if a tool was broken. He wanted her to be continually an extended part of himself, to help out his consciousness. She walked about in the end of the room, near the fireplace, and he was muttering of his good luck. He was telling of his good fortune, a happy slobber running at the corners of his mouth. She sensed the soggy, flabby, sour, unwilling and crooked rottenness of lean flesh and the little mouths of the skin out of which came mean, ill-odored vapors. She saw him, naked and crooked-shaped, bending forward. Her senses were hard and set, to expel him. When he moved his shoulder, bending forward, she disliked the motion he made as she would hate the movements of a mange-eaten beast."

Philly's wifely propensity for puncturing her husband's masculine arrogance accentuates the realism of this domestic scene: "She sat down toward the doorway and began to look scornfully at his past, searching it for any good fortune. She held it up in jointed, terse sentences and broke it into fragments. She spoke more softly as her power mounted and her scorn grew.

"'Recollect the time you spilled the corn in the creek?'
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"Recollect the time you applied the corn in the creek?"

she said. 'Spilled a whole wagon-load in swollen flood water. Again, you recollect the time a white-trash traveler greened you out of your work-nag? You act so like white-trash set, but I know better. I always had it in mind I married a Blair.' Good luck stood far apart from Andy then, and she drove it farther, recounting. 'Recall the time you dug a well and didn't find so much as a damp spot underground?'"

The significance of the functional symbolism in A Buried Treasure--the buried treasure of gold coins and the two pearls--was disclosed in the philosophic perspective. The rhythmic emphasis on these symbols lends an allegorical aspect to this pastoral novel.

"When he had spoken thus, his friends came to dissuade him, to try to persuade him not to enter into this pact with the powers that lie beyond the strength of man. You are sick of anxiety and grief, they said. A man must live as long as he has life in him. He must go about his business, getting himself food and shelter."

With these factual paragraphs Elizabeth Roberts introduces her twentieth-century parable on individualism, founded on the story of Noah and the Flood retold in Genesis. (V. 1)

she said. 'Filled a whole wagon-load in swollen flood water. Again, you recollect the time a white-trash traveler greased you out of your work-horse? You got so like white-trash, but I know better. I always had it in mind I wanted a Black! Good luck stood far apart from Andy then, and she drove it far-ther, recounting. 'Recall the time you dug a well and didn't find so much as a damp spot underground?'

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D. He Sent Forth a Raven

1. Philosophic Perspective

"Stoner Drake made a vow, solemnly spoken, weighted with passionate words. If Joan Drake should die he would never set his foot on God's earth again.

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"Stoner Drake, married first to Helen Ware, married later to Joan Lansdown, this marriage being made in 1899. It was when Joan sickened as if for death that he spoke his vow. He was forty-five years old at this time, Joan dying 1901.

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With these factual paragraphs Elizabeth Roberts commences her twentieth-century parable on individuation, founded on the story of Noah and the flood recorded in Genesis. Stoner

*V--He Sent Forth a Raven

(V, 1)

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(V, I)

Drake kept his vow. As Noah was confined to the ark, so Drake kept inside his house, never setting foot on land. From this position Drake sent out his raven, his philosophic inquiry about the future of man. Unable to understand why two women whom he loved were taken from him by death, he wanted enlightenment on the mystery of life. Inquiring of all who came into his home their theory of man's origin and destiny, he attempted to find some religious philosophy which would restore his harmony.

The narrative centers around the experience of Drake's grand-daughter, Jocelle, whose presence brought him much comfort. While she listened to the philosophic discussions in the home, she started to formulate her own theory--the importance of sharing a pattern of individuation. Possessing this quality of individuation, Jocelle was able to achieve personal harmony after great emotional conflicts, to bring peace to her grandfather, and to return excellence to all with whom she came in contact.

In this novel Elizabeth Roberts focuses on the need for sharing individuation, as she copes with the problem of the great contest between individualism and collectivism. She introduces World War I as the chaotic background for the story, depicting with great acumen the varied effects war has upon man which prevent him from creating his experience as an individual. This violence of war forms a parallel to the turbulent

(V, 23, 202)

flood waters that surrounded Noah. The world's upheaval and unrest is reflected in the mental disturbance of Drake, of his family and friends. Cynical about life in general, Drake belittles man as the lowest form of animal life, even as "a blob of greasy slime," and wonders if man is worth saving.

Dickon represents those who believe in the cosmic spectacle projected by physical science in the aggregate during the second half of the nineteenth century. Declaring his theory that the earth and man was unformed matter, conceived in chaos and returning to chaos, Dickon, the atheistic materialist, had no faith in God's existence, and contended that if God existed He did not care whether Noah sank or swam. Holding pessimistic views on man's salvation, Dickon wrote a book, "The Cosmograph" which was a confused medley of myth and natural phenomena whose summary stated that "Man, the upstart, the prig of the universe, holds no place."

The discussions between Martha, a rugged individualist like her father, Stoner Drake, and Logan Treer, the collectivist focused on the emergence of a "social man," instead of an "economic man," in a "new deal." Martha asked if men would have greater opportunity for individualism when lost in the masses, and if men would not cease to create for themselves were they to delegate to the government the responsibility of finding them jobs.

(V, 26, 102)

184
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To these questions of Martha, Logan replied that a new world order was coming and predicted that in ten years a new man would evolve, a co-operative man with good sense who would pool his interests with his neighbor for the mutual benefit of both. Logan's theory is crystallized in this explanation to Drake: "Thus and thus, different in detail from the theory of last week, but founded upon a man's oneness with his fellowmen, his fellowmen-ship. Deeper than his personal desire, there is in every man a need for his kind. Language itself depends upon a sharing of many men. No man ever made speech. The mind depends upon language, words, arranged images that have been named by other men, all men. . . . Man is a collective creature, a focus where many men, dead or living, come together. His tools came to him from many men, any tool you might name being built up of centuries of man-experience. . . . A world of shared experience would at last lead to a world of shared goods, shared comforts, shared security. Left to himself from birth a man would be a jittering animal."

These economic discussions reflect the spirit of the times. Writing He Sent Forth a Raven in 1935, during a period of heated arguments over Roosevelt's inception of the New Deal, Elizabeth Roberts shows in this novel a keen awareness of the social forces at play in her world and recognizes man's right to philosophic inquiry, the right to seek the answers to his problems through individuation.

(V, 148)

Briggs, who had faith in God, came to preach salvation to Drake. He told him the story of Noah and the ark, pointing out that "God let Noah find his own way out," and that "all inside the ark have got to do for themselves." Briggs commented that the first creature out of the ark "is a raven, and he goes to and fro, to and fro, over the void." The raven symbolizes man's philosophic inquiry. Then Noah sent forth a dove to see if the waters had abated, and "she told what Noah wanted to know." The dove, then, symbolizes peace and harmony--the answer to man's profound searchings for a new world.

Martha interrupted Briggs to ask him to preach the Redeemer, Christ, who came to atone for man's sins, to her grand-father. Thereupon Briggs tells Drake that he has committed a sin by taking advantage of God's seedtime and harvest and at the same time cursing God's earth by refusing to walk on it. "And I opened (the Bible), and I saw ... "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat ..." Stoner Drake, you couldn't get shed of God's seedtime and harvest. You used God's cold and heat, God's summer and winter, God's day and night. You already used, like I say. Think you're off the earth, and God's own winter weather makes you sit by a fire in God's own night time. The wine from God's own harvest to warm your old blood. You blasphemed your own oath, you said sin to yourself with your own fist every time you beat your oath on a table top, and you sinned against your own word and took your (V, 240)

own damnation on yourself. Put curses on yourself with your own mouth and went counterwise to your own hand that lifts up to take food into your mouth, and the food ought to choke the breath out of your maw, but God is merciful, you sinner against your own." Briggs convinced Drake that he must recognize nature as God, interpenetrate with nature, and sing the praises of God in the village church. At the very end of the novel, Elizabeth Roberts suggests the transformation of Drake into a more social being as he takes back his vow, once more setting foot on God's earth, and becomes a generous-hearted man, giving some of his property away to his grandson, offering Logan Treer the management of the farm, and he, himself, planning to build up the soil of the land.

The main theme of He Sent Forth a Raven is determined at the end of the novel when Jocelle realizes through individuation that she has been able to create life out of Wolflick where a lonely tomb had closed over Drake, and she recognizes the importance of "a clear design, the mind, common to all men, it pointed an index, to a communal sharing which was religious, the sharing of the common mental pattern where individual traits merged.

"And therefore of fear and faith and praise.

"In it somewhere or somehow came the Redeemer.

"Under this again, under communal devotions and emotions, the lonely will, the wish, the desire (Drake, then, blow-
(V, 241)

ing his hoarse note on the bridge), the underlying complexity reducible within itself and of itself to the one simple determinate, lonely among its fellows, aloof, arising now to a super-life, the will to believe, to live, to hate evil, to gather power out of emotion, to divide hate from love where the two are interlocked in one emotion, the will to love God the Creator. She thought of these things."

The above paragraph brings into it many of the fundamental beliefs of Elizabeth Roberts' philosophic perspective. In fact, although He Sent Forth a Raven is not her final novel, it might easily serve as an epilogue to all ~~six~~ novels, for in it she has interwoven the principal motifs of individuation which appear in her other books. Perhaps she did intend this to be her last novel, for just as Jingling in the Wind is a preliminary declaration of her artistic focus, so He Sent Forth a Raven, a summation of her philosophic perspective, has the nature of a last will and testament.

The fertile imagination of Miss Roberts in capturing the spirit of childlike fancy and romantic invention is evident (V, 252-253) in The Tale of Ben and He Sent Forth a Raven. How (V, 36)

2. Artistic Perspective

He Sent Forth a Raven, a twentieth-century parable based upon the interpretation of the Biblical story of Noah and the flood, is different from the other novels of Elizabeth Roberts in the large quantity of conversational passages. In every other aspect, however, the novel is consistent with the artistic technique which is employed in her other books. Excerpts from this novel will be selected to illustrate the pre-eminent features of the author's mode of expression.

The ruminations of Dickon as he tries to think aloud resemble the ruminations of Jeremy in Jingling in the Wind. "If Dickon were unaware of others as near, he would often be speaking, muttering words or comments upon his learning. Speaking: 'Symbolic diagram . . . system of mathematical or chemical connection . . . Or a copy multiply. Multiply with this. Gelatine copying apparatus . . . Hah, hah, hah. . . Autograph, chirograph, holograph, lithograph, photograph . . . seismograph, telegraph. . . Graph, Greek, graphos, written, writing. I write. I write about . . . "

The fertile imagination of Miss Roberts in capturing the spirit of childlike fancy and romantic invention is evident particularly in The Time of Man and He Sent Forth a Raven. How (V, 33)

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The immunities of fiction as related to what should

resemble the immunities of poetry in fiction, in the words

"If fiction were immune of others as men, he would often be

speaking, answering words or comments upon his hearing. Speak-

ing: 'You are a doctor . . . a system of mathematical or chemical

connection . . . Or a copy of a copy, multiply with this.

Calculus copying systems . . . Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

Chirograph, photograph, lithograph, photograph . . . Calcu-

graph, photograph, . . . Graph, Greek, French, written, writing.

I write. I write about . . ."

The facile imitation of what is known in explaining

the spirit of children's fairy and romantic literature is evident

particularly in the first of the two books, *The Waste Land*. Now

accurately she shows the imaginings of Jocelle in this paragraph! "Often then she had an illusion of some presence or shape that followed her, so that she would run swiftly through a door after it was opened and clap the door shut to expel the coming form, whether it was conceived as having life or as ominously inactive. When Sol Dickon came to the farm to work as carpenter for her grandfather, she thought that he, as a large shape on a stairway, had followed her there. She found a grotesque stone among some broken flags that were piled in a corner of the cow-pen, a stone that resembled Dickon as his shape or quality had form in her mind."

The next excerpt from this novel reveals Elizabeth Roberts' faculty for creating realism. "Walter walked up and down in the bright sun. He would put both hands into his jacket pockets and kick his boots against the post that held the smaller bench. ... 'I'll not wait for any draft. I want to get the thing over. I want to get my part done so's I can turn my mind to something. By God! I'll say. Let me get at the thing! Show me something to fight, and, by God! I'll blow a hole straight through the blasted tricky, God-darned what-you-may-call-it. Even say we're out so far. . . . Everybody state what he's fighting for might get a showdown. But it'll be to protect American bizness wherever she floats a flag. Bizness as usual. Food blockade . . . Munition blockade. God, it's a puker age. I want to be something in my own name."

(V, 48, 129)

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Descriptions of domestic animals abound in all the novels of Elizabeth Roberts except the allegorical fantasy, Jingling in the Wind. The author's intimate acquaintance with farm animals enables her to write sensitively beautiful prose passages of farm life. "Her own looks went freely with the bright sun on the intense green of the grass, on the cold blossoms of the tulips along the borders, where the smooth stones led away from the house door through the small white gate and toward the stables among the brown feathers of the hens, and on the soft brown coat of the new-born calf. The chill of the spring sent shivers of delight through her skin. The seed corn was tumbled back into the barrel beside the corn-sheller and covered carefully with an old sack. Two large dark horns from the head of a Jersey bull had been fixed on the corridor wall of the stable, and over the horns of the bridles and halters were often hung. A proud chicken cock walked out of the shed, to be clear of the shade of the wall. Out in the sun his comb quivered red, and his beak was suddenly the clear yellow of ivory, his body and his tail coverts gleaming with the fire that suddenly shone as reflected from his tossing plumes. ..." Or "A three-month-old calf, would come from behind to smell at their fingers. Her breath was of fresh milk milk. There were bees from another farm, from Bob Terry's place, over the south hill, sucking nectar from the white clover underfoot. Logan let the calf suck two of his

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 fresh milk milk. There were bees from another farm, from Bob
 Terry's place, over the south hill, sucking nectar from the
 white clover underfoot. Logan let the calf suck two of his

fingers, and Jocelle tried this also, to feel the soft rough tongue lapping on her skin and pulling at her flesh." It is in such passages as these that Elizabeth Roberts not only depicts man's interpenetration with nature, but the wonder and beauty of life as seen through nature.

He Sent Forth a Raven is replete with symbolic allusions to Noah, the flood, the raven, and the dove, with even the title carrying out this literary pattern, a pattern which is carried throughout all of the other novels of Elizabeth Roberts in this matter of symbolic overtones.

The theme emerges in the personal readjustment of Jane's emotional experience and her subsequent restoration to harmony with her environment as she regains her peace of mind and is eventually reinstated in society.

In Black Is My Emulation's Hair the author has emphasized the romantic individualism of Jane Jones, the principal character, who has not developed to the point of integrative individualism which Ellen Chesnut in The Days of '63 had achieved. Because of romantic individualism, stressing emotional experience rather than reason as a basis for living, the two elements,

(V, 138, 107)

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E. Black Is My Truelove's Hair

1. Philosophic Perspective

Elizabeth Roberts has demonstrated her artistic resourcefulness in selecting titles for her seven novels that not only may be used as functional symbols but also suggest the theme of the narrative. Black Is My Truelove's Hair, the title of an old love ballad, implies a romantic tale which hints at a story of true love. Dena Janes, emotionally wounded by a tragic love affair with Bill Langtry, attempts to heal her scars by interpenetration with nature. The motif of individuation, recurring in this novel as in the other five considered in this chapter, reiterates the artistic continuity of Elizabeth Roberts. The theme emerges in the personal readjustment of Dena's emotional experience and her subsequent restoration to harmony with her environment as she regains her peace of mind and is eventually reinstated in society.

In Black Is My Truelove's Hair the author has emphasized the romantic individuation of Dena Janes, the principal character, who had not developed to the point of integrative individuation which Ellen Chesser in The Time of Man had achieved. Because romantic individuation, stressing emotional experience rather than reason or a harmonic blending of the two elements,

E. Black Is My True Love's Hair

I. Philosophic Perspective

Elizabeth Roberts has demonstrated her artistic resourcefulness in selecting titles for her seven novels that not only may be used as functional symbols but also suggest the theme of the narrative. Black Is My True Love's Hair, the title of an old love ballad, implies a romantic tale which hints at a story of true love. Penn James, emotionally wounded by a tragic love affair with Bill Langtry, attempts to heal her scars by interpenetration with nature. The motif of individuation, recurring in this novel as in the other five considered in this chapter, reiterates the artistic continuity of Elizabeth Roberts. The theme emerges in the personal readjustment of Penn's emotional experience and her subsequent restoration to harmony with her environment as she regains her peace of mind and is eventually reinstated in society.

In Black Is My True Love's Hair the author has emphasized the romantic individuation of Penn James, the principal character, who had not developed to the point of integrative individuation which Ellen Chessier in The Time of Man had achieved. Because romantic individuation, stressing emotional experience rather than reason or a harmonic blending of the two elements,

constitutes the main theme of Black Is My Truelove's Hair, this novel does not reach the profound depths of realization that were evident in such novels as The Time of Man and My Heart and My Flesh. This critical statement in no way disparages Black Is My Truelove's Hair but merely indicates the concentration of the author's artistic focus.

Using the dramatic device of in medias res, an innovation in her literary style, Elizabeth Roberts does not begin her novel with a long description of Dena's childhood and adolescence, as she does with Ellen Chesser, but immediately plunges her main character into an emotional conflict. Through the reminiscences and romantic individuation of Dena, the major details of her love affair with Bill Langtry are gradually unfolded, but so cleverly has the author interwoven these facts throughout her narrative, increasing the momentum of suspense until the great climactic scene at the conclusion, that the reader is held spellbound.

Through beautifully sustained rhythms and the artistic use of recurrence, the author discloses, one step at a time, the story of Dena's elopement without banns, after a swift and passionate courtship with Bill Langtry. For a week the lovers had illicitly lived together, stopping at roadside rooms along Bill's trucking route, when Dena knew that Bill had no intention of keeping his promise of a legal marriage. By brute force Bill tried to make Dena trust him, but, seeing that he was un-

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successful, he suggested they end their lives together by jumping off the bridge into the river. Dena silently rejected this plan. Sensing Dena's desire to run away, Bill showed her his revolver and threatened to kill her if she ever left him.

The novel opens with a description of Dena walking along the narrow roadway at dawn shortly after she had surreptitiously slipped away from the room where Bill was sleeping. With great skill Elizabeth Roberts arouses the curiosity of her readers by describing, without giving the reason for it, the fear and distress of this young woman who is seen weeping softly and telling the beads of her rosary as she progresses along the way, frightened by the sound of every noise heard in the distance. In the communion of Dena with her inner self, Miss Roberts introduces her theme of romantic individuation, as Dena claims her right to live.

"She continued to commune with herself in her distress and to recite again her right to being. Another, as a voice, answered or questioned. The arguments were slow, as delayed by the tapping of her feet.

"'I am here, now,' she said.

"'Here,' her steps answered. 'How did she come here?'

"'The way every other one comes here.'

"'I have got a right to live,' she answered.

"'Alive is all she is. She's got a right to that surely.'

"II—Black Is My True Love's Hair
(II, 8-9)

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surely."

"'Once you get alive you have a right a right to go on.'

"'There's no rights or wrongs. It just happens.'

"'Only God or some of the saints can end it.'

"'And have got a right to be in some way that makes good sense . . .? Order, you could call it. In herself and in the other one. Sense to what you think and what you do . . .'

"'A life to make sense.' . . .

"'A right to a life that makes good sense A hat on your head if the others have got on hats. A name for yourself, your own name that you were born with, or his name when you marry . . .!'"*

After a long and fatiguing flight, Dena arrived finally at the home of Fronia, her sister, which she had left eight days earlier. Sharply realistic is the scene of the return of Dena to her sister. At first Fronia scolds Dena for not sending a message since her elopement, and then she scoffs at her for not having managed a wedding. However, after Dena's account of Bill's evil soul, Fronia welcomes her home with tender compassion.

"'The next day I saw again. (Dena is speaking here) I said I'd go away from what I saw. I saw the midnight black inside. I said to myself, "Would I marry a black demon with a cave of empty black inside?" And anger on him, enough to kill. Inside his anger I saw what I saw. Empty black. He leaned near

*II--Black Is My Truelove's Hair
(II, 8-9)

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Inside his anger I saw what I saw. Empty black. He leaned near

*II--Black Is My Lover's Hair

(II, 8-9)

me. All his face was a cavern of nothing but what he said from inside. "I'll go," I said.'

"Then he said what he said. I can't say it now. He laid it down into me with a curse. He cut it into me with his hard tongue. "No matter, I'll go," I said. It was then he took a hold of me by the throat.'

"She ceased to whisper. Her sank to the table and it rested on her bent arms.

"'You didn't have to stay with Langtry,' Fronia said, with compassion. 'Go upstairs now and put on the clean dress. You're welcome to make your home with me forever. And what the people think or say is no matter now to us. Go upstairs and dress yourself in clean clothes from the skin out and we'll have a sup to eat.'

"'You're welcome to make your home with me forever.'"

Dena's brief episode with Bill Langtry had sufficed to give her the name of a "ruined woman" in Henrytown, for she had committed the mortal sin of eloping without banns and living illicitly with her lover. Dena immediately became aware of the changed appearance of the town since her departure.

"Enchantment had colored her thought at the time of her leaving, in the ever-present reality of her passion for Langtry. Beyond this the place had held of an old an outward look that went forth to gather together the entire village and bring all into a rich unity. This seeming of oneness returned (II, 24)

to be mirrored or centered in the white-washed walls of Fronia's cabin, and further drew to fold and wind within herself as she came and went indoors or as she worked in the garden or henyard. Now she stood apart. All stood remote from her as if its harmony was broken. Working in the late-summer garden she felt that the place looked away from her and that it no longer wound and rewound itself into the reel of her being. It looked from her, man and child, house and field, in amusement or blame."

The contrast in her attitude toward the town was further heightened when Dena made her first trip to the Glen for provisions, creating through her romantic individuation what the people would be saying and thinking about her. She soon learned the awkwardness of her position when she was not invited to any social affairs, for she was neither married nor unmarried in the eyes of the people. Keenly hurt by her social ostracism, Dena realized that she was out of harmony with her environment.

The great conflict in Dena's life, however, was rooted in her emotional dilemma. Soon after Dena's return to the village, she sought the advice of her neighbor, Nat Journeyman, to cure her emotional illness. She related how Bill had threatened to shoot her, causing her to live in constant apprehension. Then she exclaimed, "I have got a right to live and not to be hindered by some other." Dena also disclosed the fact (II, 25, 68)

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The contrast in her attitude toward the town was
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 invited to any social affairs, for she was neither married nor
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 ostracism, Dana realized that she was out of harmony with her
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that Bill had shown her the phallic emblem tattooed on his chest, and Nat explained that it was "a symbol of Life, but tattooed on the breast of a man it is the emblem of death. A man who wears it there is dead already." Continuing to pour out her worries to her friend, Dena said that she could not cure herself of her emotional conflict, for, although she hated Bill for his brutality and threats, still her love for him was equally strong. Nat Journeyman, after remarking that it was a great sickness, advised her to pray to the Virgin Mary, to do the chores at Fronia's, to learn about the peculiar ways of the sheep and hogs, and to let the whole matter go its own way, forgetting about men for a while.

Elizabeth Roberts devotes the major part of her novel to the development of her theme--the restoration of Dena to health and harmony through her interpenetration with nature. The pastoral scenes of Dena with the geese, the hogs, or old Dandy, the horse, parallel similar scenes from The Time of Man, where Ellen Chesser identifies herself with the turkeys, feeds the swine, and romps with a pony. In fact, Dena is a constant reminder of Ellen in her adolescent years, for they both expressed wonder about nature, both enjoyed lying in the sunny fields and dreaming about strange or beautiful things. Dena's love for Bill Langtry was as simple and passionate as Ellen's love for Jonas Prather, and both girls were emotionally bruised by their tragic love affairs, but Ellen had some measure of

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intellectuality which Dena lacked.

Dena's cure was hastened by her love for Cam Elliot which helped her to forget her feelings toward Bill. She could not, however, give up her fear of impending death, since she had received repeated threats from Bill that he had not forgotten his promise to kill her. A year had passed since Dena had eloped with Bill, and, although she was making preparations for her coming marriage with Cam, the banns having been twice published, she was somewhat saddened as she looked retrospectively at the time when she had been in love with Bill. She began to question why her love affair had come to such an abrupt end, determining to re-live her week with Bill in her imagination and solve once and for all her confusion about the matter. "She wanted to understand what had happened the year before and to bring it to some end, not threat or death. Sudden violence and unreason had drowned it."

By means of her romantic individuation, Dena went backward to the events of a year ago. She began to wish that she had stayed with Bill a while longer, and she mentally composed a letter to him in which she would say: "It came to an end....too soon. And so I might write the letter. Care the White Truck Line. Say: It came to an end too soon. Remember the time....? Remember the night we saw the picture? Remember? You a fine sight to see then."

Dena received another threat from Bill, and one day
(II, 247, 255)

she learned from a friend at church that Bill was back in town. At confession, the priest absolved her from all sins in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and said a prayer at Dena's request for "one in danger, one that might be about to die."

As Dena walked homeward, she was terrified of meeting Bill, but she decided to go to Nat Journeyman as Father Grimes had previously advised. The dramatic climax in the book occurs at this point. Langtry suddenly approaches Dena and fires two shots at her but misses. Journeyman appears immediately on the spot and offers Dena his help. Nat Journeyman is the native artist in the story, similar to Luke Wimble in The Time of Man. After trying to think of a reason to explain Bill's actions by evaluating the experience, he states that Bill had exploded his murderous mind which he had held over a year and "a man came to the fore out of all the misery and chaos he is inside." After firing the two shots, Bill throws away his gun and weeps. He explains that he did not know why he had wanted to kill Dena. Nat offers to take him back to his house for the night. Dena understands now why Bill had attempted to shoot her, and she points her hand to Langtry's breast where the phallic symbol is bared. When Bill asks to shake hands with Dena and to say good-bye, she replies: "No ... I will not do so. I will not take his hand. Maybe a long while from now, if he comes, I will shake his hand and speak to him so." This episode brings to an (II, 268, 280)

end Dena's conflict with Bill Langtry, and her harmony is completely restored. "She had gone from them. The night was very still now and the voice followed her until she had passed through the wagon gate that opened from the orchard, opposite the lane. She was cooled now by the falling dew, and her mind was at ease, but was shut apart by weariness, so that she gave little heed to the way except that it took her homeward."

In no other novel has Elizabeth Roberts placed such continuous emphasis on the religious faith of the people in a folk-pattern as in Black Is My Truelove's Hair. Dena went regularly to confession and prayed every day for her safety and that of her true love, Cam Elliot. When she escaped the shots fired by Bill Langtry, she "spoke toward Langtry but her speech was for some other, not present." Dena had faith in God and believed that the banns published in the church as well as her prayers had protected her from evil. Elizabeth Roberts appears to have identified nature with God, the creator of all nature, since she has emphasized Dena's faith in God as well as her dependence on nature for her restoration to peace and harmony.

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2. Artistic Perspective

Elizabeth Roberts' artistic continuity is evident in Black Is My Truelove's Hair in her use of lyrical prose, her fluent sentences, her rhythmic style, descriptions of nature and man's interpenetration with nature, her realism, symbolic allusions, vivid characterizations, religious mysticism, and depiction of the folk ways. These elements are all in the pattern of the author's novels, held in place by the central motif of individuation. A few of these salient features will be pointed out in Black Is My Truelove's Hair.

One of the most delicately written scenes in Elizabeth Roberts' novels appears in this book. Dena Janes, whose week of sinful living was known to the whole folk-community, found it necessary to walk to the village store for provisions. It was her first public appearance in the Glen, the center of the town. Miss Roberts shows her acute discernment of human nature, her sympathetic understanding of a woman's emotional reaction in this critical situation as she analyzes, through the reflective thoughts of Dena's sensitivity to public opinion, the process of individuation. Realism, a prominent characteristic of the author's style, reaches perfection in this scene. Dena's mental torture is somewhat subdued in smelling the delightful

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odors from the mill, as she forgot momentarily the awful fact that Fronia had dressed her in white, a bride's color.

Dena's romantic individuation, as she considers her place in the community, are presented as the ruminations of the "inner man"--a device common to Elizabeth Roberts. This passage also illustrates the simplicity of style achieved by the author in this novel;

"She began to think then of how one is made up of three or perhaps many more persons and how the sum of all three makes a being that has a name and a place among men. First, there is the person one thinks he is and the appearance one thinks he has, Then there is the thing one actually is, and there is that which the others think, and here a myriad-faced being arose in her thought, but the second came back as being more difficult to know, for what eyes would see it and where would it stay? The entire consideration went from her suddenly and she was left trying to recapture the thought of it as it had appeared to her in the first moment, and she drowsed in a moment of half-knowing.... Into her half-dream another appeared, more clear than any of the others, which was made up of all the rest, but which touched her thought and her consciousness of the afternoon and the Glen and herself walking here for the first time after her return. It was herself. She closed her eyes to know it fully and to feel it sway with the swaying of her feet and move timidly down the way toward the end of the Glen..." (II, 52-53)

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the shadow Miss Roberts' poetic quality of prose expression is ubiquitous in her writings. Her imaginative resourcefulness provides her books with distinctive touches of new ways of seeing common things, adding to the appeal of her novels. In Black Is My Truelove's Hair Dena's concentration on the lost thimble is artistically revealed in the following lines: "Dena climbed to the top of the thimble and looked down into it. Or, reversed, the thimble stood as a round mountain peak with a tall thicket around the bottom in which were giant owls looking out. (Later) ... Lifting up her head from the hoeing she saw the thimble standing against the sky beside Judd's barn on a distant hill toward the southeast. It stood as a great tower of metal that was gray in the bright sun and green in the shadow, and she heard the plovers from the river shrieking over it, crying 'kill-deer, kill-deer, chip, chirp,' and saw them go toward the long mist that lay in the sky toward the south. At the base of the thimble-silo stood a thicket, which was the growth of a near fencerow that stood against the thimble in the picture as it stretched broadly from her."

How well the author can describe man's interpenetration with nature in but one line may be glimpsed from this passage from Black Is My Truelove's Hair where Cam Elliot's mother is pulling a few weeds from her garden: "Her being suffused with the garden, as if the garden flowed into her without break or hindrance, and she were deep where it was deep among (II, 130, 133)

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the shadowed blues of the larkspur beneath the willow, and shallow with the high pinks of the waning phlox."

That symbolism is an important feature of all seven of Miss Roberts' novels is proved again in this novel. The title, Black Is My Truelove's Hair, has several functional implications to the story. The title, itself, taken from the refrain of an old love ballad, refers to Cam Elliot who was the true love of Dena. But Elizabeth Roberts lays great stress on the color black, weaving it throughout her novel with subtle allusions. Black is accentuated further as the color of Dena's hair, of Bill Langtry's hair, and particularly of the latter's soul. This emphasis on black is artfully interwoven in the description of Bill Langtry's mind and soul, where black signifies the void of his being, his empty heart, his sensualism. Dena says: "I saw into the black of Bill Langtry's mind. I was on the side of the bed. He sat down beside me and leaned over me. It was the day after he showed me the gun. It was the last day, but early at night. 'You don't trust me,' he said. He wouldn't say any other thing. He made me look into his face and I looked for my own self then. I saw down a long way through the words, 'You don't trust me,' that were stretched into a long tube, like a funnel, that went down and down through the dark. Went down a long channel into midnight black, 'You don't trust me,' that would not know any other thing. It was a long dark tube I saw into. It stretched deeper and deeper into blackness and hate.

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"It went inward, farther and farther, the more I looked, and always farther to go. But always that one thing was all of it. Oh, how empty it was, made out of what he wanted me to be. 'You don't trust me.' He pushed my head back, but I could see anyhow. I saw better then, but it was what I saw at first. Down a long hollow space that reached almost to the end of the world. Black like night and blacker, but hollow. I saw it. I saw through it. I screamed at what I saw. In the bottom of the black hollow passage that was made out of his words I saw his soul. I saw the end. I saw the bottom. It was blank and empty and dark. The way to get there was all there was to it. It was nothing. It was a black nothing stretched across the way."

Continuing the use of spiritual overtones, Elizabeth Roberts has developed, in this novel, a strong dependence on religious faith and mysticism. Frequent reference to the church and its observances, to the prayers of Dena, to her faith in the Great Unseen and to the Redeemer, attest the focus on mysticism in Black Is My Truelove's Hair.

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Having determined the philosophic and artistic perspectives of Elizabeth Roberts in the first three chapters, I have used these perspectives as a frame of reference for the

critical. In conformity with the purpose of this thesis set forth in the introduction, I have shown by means of critical evaluation that individuation is the artistic focus of Elizabeth Roberts in her seven novels. To clarify the author's philosophic and artistic perspectives which are completely harmonic, I have developed in the first chapter the fundamental principles of Miss Roberts' philosophy of experience as revealed in her novels, and I have interpreted their meaning. The validity of her philosophic theory that experience is art has been substantiated by quotations from John Dewey's book, "Art As Experience". of her literary style, thus illustrating the harmonic

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Having determined the philosophic and artistic perspectives of Elizabeth Roberts in the first three chapters, I have used these perspectives as a frame of reference for the critical evaluation of her seven novels. After a thorough examination of her philosophy of experience and her psychology of individuation in The Time of Man, I have presented in Chapter IV an intensive as well as extensive treatment of this beautifully written epic novel. I have shown how Elizabeth Roberts skillfully develops the biological as well as psychological experience of Ellen Chesser, the principal character in the narrative. To further corroborate the artistic focus of Elizabeth Roberts, I have shown the recurring motifs of individuation in her remaining five novels as well as the continuity of her literary style, thus illustrating the harmonic blending of her philosophic and artistic perspectives.

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Abstract

A knowledge of the philosophy of Elizabeth Roberts is prerequisite to an understanding of her novels. Like John Dewey, she adhered to the philosophy of naturalism which recognizes experience as art. Her definition of experience as revealed in her novels is substantiated by that of Dewey: "Experience is the result, the sign, and the reward of that interaction of organism and environment which, when it is carried to the full, is a transformation of interaction into participation and communication." In every experience there are rhythms of want and fulfillment, of conflict and harmony. By the psychological process of realization, man reconstructs his present experience by assimilating value and meaning derived from his past experience, thereby making a satisfactory adjustment to his environment. This psychological process of creating one's own experience, of finding harmony in the midst of confusion, is termed individuation.

Only a person who perceives relationship between cause and effect, who can think through a situation and create meaning from it, possesses the ability to individuate his experience. The process of individuation is valuable to the individual because it enables him to make a satisfactory adjustment to his

environment, to grow emotionally and intellectually, and to achieve excellence which he may return to the race of man.

Jingling in the Wind, an allegorical fantasy, is Elizabeth Roberts' declaration of individuation as her artistic focus. Through her symbolic devices, she sets forth the principal ideas in her philosophy of experience and uses the allegory as a means of specific delineation of the process of individuation. For this reason, Jingling in the Wind may be considered a prologue to her other novels.

In Elizabeth Roberts' folk-novels the fundamental drives of man's biological experience form the ground-plan for the magnificent superstructure of his psychological experience in which he finds harmony through individuation and renders service to mankind. The Time of Man represents the author's most thorough treatment in her novels of the life-cycle of man and his subsequent life-pattern. The author's philosophic and artistic perspectives in The Time of Man reveal her artistic focus on the quality of individuating experience. The theme of individuation in this epic novel is illustrated in the ability of Ellen Chesser, the daughter of a Kentucky sharecropper, and later the wife of Jasper Kent, another penniless farmer, to find beauty and harmony in her experience. Although Elizabeth Roberts develops Ellen's process of individuation in the narrative, her major concern, as the title implies, is the importance of individuation to achieve

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excellence in the time of man.

The author's continuity of artistic focus on individuation is disclosed in the analysis of her philosophic and artistic perspectives in her five remaining novels. My Heart and My Flesh continues the motif of individuation set forth in The Time of Man, but it is carried to a more spacious area of consideration, since Elizabeth Roberts is investigating what quality it is that can prevent the structural disintegration of a family which has been buffeted by the vicissitudes of fortune. Her answer emerges in the individuating quality of Theodosia Bell whose physical and emotional restoration is effected by her social harmonizing when she realizes the importance of rendering service to mankind.

The motif of individuation recurs in The Great Meadow, a historical novel which illustrates the highest possible correlation between art and history. In this novel, Elizabeth Roberts shows the importance of individuation in the birth of a nation, or, to be more specific, in the breaking of the umbilical cord between America and England at the time of the Revolutionary War.

A Buried Treasure continues the theme of individuation by presenting, through symbolic implications, the problem of attempting to hoard one's achieved excellence instead of contributing it to the race.

In He Sent Forth a Raven, a twentieth-century parable, Elizabeth Roberts interweaves all her themes on individuation,

as if she intended it to be her final book and, therefore, it is a kind of epilogue to her writings. The main theme is succinctly stated in Jocelle Drake's words as she recognized the need for "a communal sharing which was religious, the sharing of the common mental pattern where individual traits merged."

In her last novel, Black Is My Truelove's Hair, Elizabeth Roberts focuses on the romantic individuation of Dena Janes in attempting to heal a broken heart by interpenetration with nature.

Elizabeth Roberts' beautiful literary style is characterized by the poetic quality of her prose, her frequent use of rhythm and recurrence, her functional language, her symbolic implications and her realism. Her extraordinary perception, her insight into the complex nature of the human mind, her ability to see beauty and tenderness everywhere, her faculty for depicting pastoral scenes and the wonders of nature, her keen imagination and intellectual capacity distinguish Elizabeth Roberts as a literary genius.

VII. _____

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